

Corps Cadet Sunday—November 18th!

THE WAR CRY

WILLIAM BOOTH,
Founder

INTERNATIONAL HEADQUARTERS
101 Queen Victoria St., London, E.C.



OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE SALVATION ARMY

IN CANADA WEST AND ALASKA

BRAMWELL BOOTH
General

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CHAS. T. RICH, Lt.-Commissioner



The Landing of the Pilgrim Fathers

"Begin the Thanksgiving in Prayer."—Nehemiah 11: 18.

IT is recorded by Nehemiah that one of those who laboured with him was the "principal to begin the thanksgiving in prayer," and that is all that it is thought necessary to say about him. If the worthy Pilgrim Fathers of 1620 had nothing else recorded of them, theirs would be a claim to fame which would withstand all the assaults of time. "The first to begin the thanksgiving in prayer"—surely a mightily moving tale.

At this time of the year we delight to think of that intrepid company who gathered in all the sincerity of their grateful hearts to give thanks to God for all His providential mercies, and so set a pattern for the millions of this continent—American and Canadian alike—to follow.

They had behind them generations of bitter bondage and persecution, of the hate and scorn and misunderstanding of their fellows; now God had led them forth

by the right way, and in the wilderness, on the shores of the mighty ocean which they had so recently traversed, the Pilgrim Fathers had found a place of habitation. True, they had ploughed, and planted, and reaped the harvest in their new land, and for all these mercies they recognised God's claim for thankful praise.

Their Thanksgiving Day has come to be ours also, only that ours has now an added significance, for with it do we not also think with hallowed thoughts of those who suffered and died for their hoarse lands?

"Come, ye thankful people, come." Have we not been delivered out of the hands of our enemies? Have we not come from the land of bondage and sin? Have we not enjoyed—still enjoy—the harvest of the blessings of God? Has not One suffered and died for us, and so bought for us an entrance into that Land where sin and darkness never come. "Come, ye thankful people, come."

Blessings

*Blessings abound where'er He reigns;
The prisoner leaps to lose his chains:
The weary find eternal rest;
And all the sons of want are blest.*

What Shall I Render?

How are we going to thank God for all His benefits? What shall I render? To show gratitude we often make a gift, some little offering, it may be that it cost us something, and we can only afford to give it by making a sacrifice. David says in his wonderful "Penitential" Fifty—a first Psalm—"The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit; a broken and a contrite heart, O God, thou wilt not despise." A humble, penitent heart is then the most acceptable offering to God. St. Paul reminds us of the churches of Macedonia, who not only made an offering in money, but "first gave their own selves to the Lord." Shall we not do this while we sing:

Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small,
Love so amazing, so divine,
Shall have my soul, my life, my all.

Neglect Not The Sword

EXPERIENCE has demonstrated, beyond a shadow of doubt, that a neglected Bible means an enfeebled life. No Christian can be strong in the Lord and in the power of His might if he neglects the Sword and Spirit, which is the Word of God. This truth has always been accepted in theory, but now men and women are coming to accept it as a solemn fact. To be ignorant of what the Bible teaches is to expose ourselves at every moment to the subtle attacks of the enemy.

A New Tenant

Martin Luther once said: "If any man came and knock at my breast, and ask 'Does Martin Luther live here?' I answer, 'Not now. He did, but Jesus Christ lives here now.'"

The greatest soul-winners have ever been those who have lost themselves in Christ; whose self-love and self-seeking died as they followed the Lord wholly.

Daily Bible Meditations



Sunday, Psalm 96: 1-13. "O worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness. God Himself being holy. He naturally desires to be worshipped by a holy people. The pure in heart are beautiful in His sight. He takes pleasure in their approach to Him. To such He unveils His glory and makes known His secrets."

"The dealings of His hand.
Are truth and mercy still.
With such as to His covenant stand,
And love to do His will."

Monday, Psalm 97: 1-12. "Ye that love the Lord hate evil." "A good lover is a good hater. What a tremendous hater God is! We must hate what He hates. The soul that truly hates sin is not likely to be overcome by it. A good hater hates sin as sin. He loathes it; votes it shall be destroyed; brings it to the blood, and shouts over its destruction."—(The Founder)

Tuesday, John 13: 1-15. "He . . . began to wash the disciples' feet." "Ye also ought to wash one another's feet." In the Middle Ages, once a year certain kings used to wash the feet of twelve beggars in imitation of the Master's act. But it was the humble, loving spirit which prompted it, and not the outward

An Unknown Warrior

By EVALINE G. JOY

"There was a little city, and a few men within it; and there came a great king against it, and besieged it, and built great bulwarks against it; now there was found in it a poor wise man, and he, by his wisdom, delivered the city; yet no man remembered that same poor man."—Eccles. 9: 14-15.



IMAGINE a small Eastern city—wē might not dignify it by so great a name—which was for some unknown reason coveted by a despotic king. We are not told why, but it may have been desired for many reasons. Perhaps because it was "beautiful for situation," or it might have had a strategic value; or there might have been someone within its walls possessed of some secret of commercial value. It may have been famous for its vintage; the heavily laden vines may have dropped with luscious fruit over its walls, and thus tempted the thirsty hordes of the foe. Whatever was the reason, the great king desired it, and so he came up against it.

The watchman on the walls speedily gave the alarm; the gates were hurriedly closed and the defence forces mobilized; but what could they do? They were but a simple folk, ill prepared for such an emergency, and without a leader. Panic seized them as the glittering host encircled about the little town.

But one of the inhabitants remained calm amidst the storm; and a poor man indeed. In ordinary times he was one of those who moved about the streets all unnoticed, but now, in the hour of trial, he seemed fitted with a dignity that was as a refuge. He quieted the people by his own demeanour; and his unflinching calm commanded their attention, and so his counsel gained a hearing.

It was so simple a plan of deliverance that no record was ever made of it; it was not even as noteworthy as the means by which Troy fell or Calais was delivered. Not a line is left on record. But the wisdom of his plan immediately appealed to the people; the foe was outwitted, the little city was saved.—He, by his wisdom, delivered the city.

"Yet, no man remembered that same poor man." Was his plan so simple that he did not deserve any special remembrance? We scarcely think so. We would prefer to believe that his services to his native place involved some personal risk; it was not all strategy; there was some bravery in his action. It may be

act itself, that Jesus meant us to imitate. Any lowly service rendered to others in that spirit, is Christ-like service.

that he was the only one whose life was lost in the defence—not unlikely, that. However, whatever was the nature of his deed, nobody "remembered that same poor man." Nobody cared; he was forgotten.

To my mind the fact even that his name is overlooked gives the story an additional pathetic touch; makes it quite human. The published record of the world's heroes is a very incomplete catalogue.

Truly an "Unknown Soldier." Strange paradox. This unremembered warrior is brought to our recollection because the people of his day had forgotten him. And it seems perfectly right for me to say here that forgetfulness may have another and truer name—Base Ingratitude.

Surely the honors given to the Unknown Warriors of the Great War were prompted because somebody was feeling the shame of continued ingratitude. There was a strange and whimsical fact about the Man who has in our various National Sanctuaries, as the "Unknown Soldier" of the various nations, was one, who in his lifetime would not have merited much public notice. A man, he might have been, who delighted in peace, but who feared God; and yet loved his fellow men. Perhaps he might have been an unknown "little city"—he may have been one of our own family flesh and blood—what an honor!

Unknown, un-named, but enshrined as never man was before enshrined; upon a Roll of Honor his nameless name stands out in a record which shall last until the Day of Days—when all will be remembered.

A Great War Memorial recently unveiled in the Old Land bears the inscription:

"Stay and remember
Thou who died for thee."

Stranger, it should seem necessary that men and women should be needed to be commanded to halt "Lest they forget" as did the people of this old-time story. Are we so like the inhabitants of that little city? The tale of our thought is not the only Bible story that has a lesson for us.

The poor wise man is a type of our Lord Jesus Christ, who "though He was rich, yet for our sakes became poor, that we through His poverty might become rich." It was not altogether unnecessary that the poet should say:

"All ye that pass by,
To Jesus should ye hark."

To you is it nothing that Jesus should die?

In a few days men and women of nearly every civilized land will be gathering for their Remembrance Services, before Cenotaph and before Altar, and from city and village alike there will go up thoughts of our men—of all the nations in that great struggle—who died for their homelands. We shall not forget!

But shall we forget, even for the shortest space, Him, who by His wisdom and love and pity died for us, and delivered us? Our poor wise Man Who now sitteth on the Throne for evermore. Lord Jesus, we will not forget!

Wednesday, John 13: 16-27. "Satan entered into him." That Judas could so basely betray his Master, must have

Thanksgiving

*Let every creature rise and bring
Its grateful honours to our King;
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth prolongs the joyful*

"I Do It Unto Thee"

DR. CAMPBELL MORGAN, one of his recent services, told the following poem and told his hearers that it was written by a girl, nineteen years of age, who is in domestic service:

Lord of all pots and pans and things,
Since I've no time to be
A saint by doing lovely things,
Or watching late with Thee,
Or dreaming in the dawnlight,
Or storming Heaven's gates,
Make me a saint by getting meals
And washing up the plates.

Although I must have Martha's hands,
I have a Mary mind;
And when I black the boots and shoes,
Thy sandals, Lord, I find.
I think of how they trod the path,
What time I scrub the floor;
Accept this meditation, Lord,
I haven't time for more.

Warm all the kitchen with Thy love,
And light it with Thy peace;
Forgive me all my worry,
And make all grumbling cease.
Thou who didst love to give men food
In room, or by the sea,
Accept this service that I do,
I do it unto Thee.

The First and Last

God's first and last word to humanity is "Come." He has other words, but they are all kin to this. He says "Go" as well as "Come," but no one can go till He has come. God says "Call," but calling on Him is coming to Him. He says "Behold," but beholding is coming. He says "Obey," but obedience is coming.

"Come" is an epitome of the Gospel. The Spirit and the Bride say, "Come." And let him that heareth say, "Come." And let him that is athirst come. And whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely.

greatly surprised and shocked his disciples. His fall seemed a disaster that was not really so. For Jesus had had been, for some time, laboring and disloyal. He had repented and returned from the bag, and more often he had refused to obey the voice of his Master's take warning! Hence his fall often leads to open betrayal.

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Christ is not an abso-

Friday, John 14: 1-11. "Let not your heart be troubled." Never had his grief-stricken, perplexed, disciples of lost-mere cause to be troubled in heart. He had just told of His death, and the death of shame, shattering in Him as the Messiah who had been to reign. But Christ can give comfort to the most hopeless grief; can cause us to shine in the darkest sky. In the days' time the sorrow of these men turned into the resurrection joy.

Saturday, John 14: 12-21. "I am the light of the world." "I dwell with you, and shall be in you." When glorious promise should be fulfilled them, these men would do "greater works" (V. 12); have whatever they asked (V. 14) and be for ever comforted (V. 16), who love the Saviour, and keep His commandments, may claim the indwelling of the same gracious Comforter (V. 23). "He who Comforter come to you?"

"Thanks Be Unto God"

(A BIBLE ACROSTIC)

Thanks be unto God which giveth us the victory.

—1 Cor. 15: 57.

He . . . gave thanks to God in presence of them all.

—Acts 27: 35.

And let them sacrifice the sacrifices of thanksgiving and

declare His works with rejoicing.—Psa. 107: 22.

Now thanks be to God which always causeth us to triumph in Christ.—2 Cor. 2: 14.

Know ye that the Lord He is God. . . enter into His gates

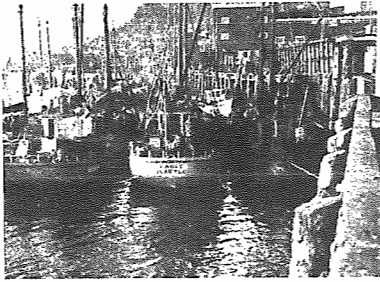
with thanksgiving and into His courts with praise.

—Psa. 100: 4, 5.

Sing unto the Lord with thanksgiving.—Psa. 147: 7.

The Alaska Congress at Ketchikan

**Lt.-Colonel Sims and
Conduct Stirring**

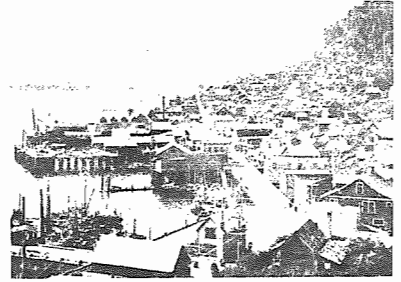


THE FISHING FLEET AT KETCHIKAN



LT.-COL. ERNEST SIMS

**Lt.-Colonel Phillips
Army Gatherings**



THE TOWN OF KETCHIKAN

FAREWELLS AT PRINCE RUPERT

Major and Mrs. Carruthers Say Good-bye to Faithful Soldiery

A large crowd gathered in the Citadel for the Farewell Meeting of Major and Mrs. Carruthers, and also Ensign and Mrs. Joyce, who have left us after an all-too-short stay here. Our farewelling Divisional Commander and his wife are well-known and loved among us after their five years' work up in the North, and everyone was sorry to gather for a last Meeting with him. The Major and Mrs. Carruthers, and Ensign and Mrs. Joyce all spoke, their remarks tending to show their regret at leaving us, but their complete belief in the will of God for them. An interesting episode was the dedication of a baby by the Major; this event was watched with much delight, it being the first time that many in the audience had witnessed such a happening. We are glad to have welcomed Captain Anderson since this gathering, and feel sure she will be a blessing to us. Brother and Sister Joyce have also come to swell our numbers, and these active Salvationists will do much good among us.—C.C.

Here We Are—

In the Fight for Right

ILKESTON is a Corps famous in Army annals as that from which the late Commissioner Howard (and Mrs. Howard) entered the service. It is evident that the local soldiery have lost little of the old-time fire. Colonel George Holmes, the British Candidates' Secretary, recently spent a week-end there, and this is a report of some of the doings of the day:—

1. The morning Open-Air was a mile away from the town, but at 9.45 a.m. prompt the Band, which numbered twenty-eight, was present to commence the Meeting.
 2. The Bandmaster, who had travelled by train from London all night, was present at that Open-Air.
 3. An old Soldier, aged seventy-nine, prayed so that people could hear him three streets off. He is a regular attendant.
 4. A woman turned out to speak in the bitter north wind. She had undergone three operations, which makes it difficult for her to stand long, but she was there, glowing with enthusiasm.
 5. Another brother had left off work at 6 a.m. and was present.
 6. Another brother present was going to work at 2 a.m. until midnight.
 7. Another brother was going to work at 8 that night.
- Yet they were present at every Meeting that day. Who can beat The Army for devotion?

U.S.A. PIONEER SERIOUSLY ILL

Mrs. Commandant Eliza Symmonds, "Little Shirley," the pioneer of The Salvation Army in the United States, who launched Salvation Army work in an abandoned chair factory in Philadelphia in 1879, is seriously ill at the home of her daughter in Manhattan, Kansas. Mrs. Symmonds was stricken with influenza while visiting in that city, and has since developed a serious heart condition.

THE Alaska Congress Gatherings at Ketchikan are going forward as we write, amidst a blaze of brilliant sunshine and Salvation enthusiasm. Right from the time when Lt.-Colonels Sims and Phillips, together with Staff-Captain and Mrs. Acton, arrived per the "Prince George" on Sunday morning, everything and everybody has conspired to make it a glad time.

Those who imagine that Alaska is covered with perpetual snow would have had a great surprise; and if there remain any who think that Alaskan Salvationists are of the drear and sad kind, they too would have had a great awakening. The flags were fluttering on the happy Sunday morning; the Band was going full tilt; the Soldiery and Citizens were out to give the Congress a great start-off.

The delivery of the Message of Greeting from the Commissioner, and also a similar message from the Chief Secretary by Lt.-Colonel Sims, was a fitting beginning to the morning session. Lt.-Colonel Phillips' address of consecration, delivered with all his old-time force and spirituality, was an inspiration to all, and led to a touching scene of consecration.

For the afternoon Meeting the Red-

mens Hall was filled to capacity with a representative audience for Colonel Sims' lecture on "The World-Wide Activities of The Salvation Army"; one can well understand that the Colonel's abilities as a raconteur would find full vent in this effort, and there were few in the interested gathering who did not get their knowledge and vision of The Army enlarged. The Mayor of Ketchikan was a most acceptable and able Chairman, and was well supported by prominent local men.

Naturally, the night Meeting was the event of the day, and in this Staff-Captain Acton's stirring and characteristic address took all by storm, and began that triumphant Salvation experience in the Division which we predict for him and his good wife. The Meeting maintained itself to a late hour, and right into the end souls were coming to the Mercy-Seat, so that we closed the Day, as we had begun, amidst a wave of Salvation enthusiasm.

Delegates from many points have been in attendance at the Meetings, and as this report goes forward there is great faith for a mightily helpful series of Native and White Officers and Envoys' Meetings.—Captain R. Boyes.

Message from the Chief of the Staff

TO THE OFFICERS ASSEMBLED IN COUNCIL IN WINNIPEG AND VANCOUVER IN CONNECTION WITH THE ANNUAL CONGRESS GATHERINGS

My Dear Comrades:

I regret very much that I cannot send you a letter from the General himself on this important occasion. Had he been dealing with correspondence at this time I am sure he would have been delighted to send you greetings, but his daughter, Colonel Mary Booth, has come to represent him. I am sure she will be an inspiration to you, and that you will give heed to her words.

I wish I could give you a better report of the dear General. Whilst there is some progress, it is not as rapid as we should like. I am sure you will at these gatherings pray that God's hand may be laid upon him, and that he will soon be restored to his place at the battle's front and lead us on to greater victories than ever.

In the meantime I send you affectionate greetings, and pray that you will seek to get some real spiritual nourishment for your own souls out of these gatherings.

I am very sure that the progress of our work for the Salvation of men will be in proportion to the progress of the work of the Holy Spirit in the character and experience of the Officers. Just as the work of God goes forward in your personal lives, so you will be enabled to carry that work forward among the people around you. Just as God calls to you for a complete union with Himself—with His Love—with His Light—with His Holiness—so He calls through you to the dead souls around you, and summons them to submit to Him, to give up their sins, and to be reconciled through Jesus Christ our Lord.

The progress of our work in different parts of the world, and the increasing number of our Officers continually remind me that every Officer, no matter how inexperienced and no matter what position he or she may hold, is called to set before the people the highest standards of Salvationism. I see everywhere that if the great, yet simple, principles of Salvation Army life and work as set forth in the Regulations are put in practice, then those fruits which we all desire are surely gathered for the glory of God. And so I say, be a simple Salvationist, fervent, consecrated, out and out, and God will give you the desire of your hearts in sinners brought to His Feet, and in our own Soldiers sanctified by His Grace, and used for His Glory.

Pray for the world. Pray for The Army, and pray for your Leaders.

Affectionately yours,

EDWARD J. HIGGINS.

27th September, 1928.

WELCOMES AT REGINA

Brigadier G. Smith and Staff-Captain and Mrs. Bourne Greet New Comrades

Our new Divisional Commander, Brigadier Smith, and also Staff-Captain and Mrs. Bourne, of the Financial Department, were heartily welcomed to Regina. On Sunday morning the Meeting, led by Brigadier Smith, was an inspiring time. Captain Stevenson soloed, and the Brigadier's address was a blessing to all present.

In the afternoon we were glad to have the Brigadier with us again; when words of welcome were spoken by Envoy Padcock, C.S.-M. Fulton, Y.P.S.-M. Mrs. Hobson and Captain Stevenson.

The Citadel was well-filled for the Salvation Meeting, when, among other events, Staff-Captain and Mrs. Bourne both gave ringing testimonies to the saving and keeping power of God. The Songsters sang "Jesus, Saviour, pilot me," and the Band played "He will forgive." Captain Stevenson's solo brought much blessing as did the Brigadier's powerful address. The Meeting ended with a good, old-fashioned Testimony Meeting when the comrades, old and new, were not less in taking hold of the opportunity.—W.G.W.

One Thousand Officers in Council at Mildmay

One thousand and nine delegates attended Field Councils conducted by the British Commissioner at Mildmay. This great company represented eleven Divisions. The Sessions were marked by the most eager receptivity of the Officers, who took full advantage of the mind-enlightening and heart-searching teaching given by Commissioner Hurren.

At the close of these gatherings they returned to their Commands deeply impressed by the devout and bracing atmosphere of the Sessions.

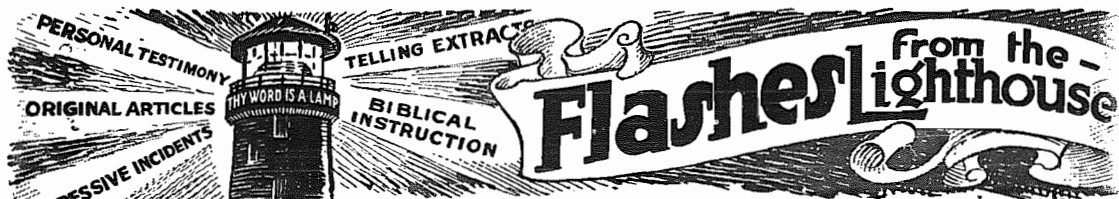
Following their return to Corps remarkable manifestations of the Holy Spirit were felt and many were led into Holiness and Salvation. Thus are Field Council blessings passed on to the Corps.

CENTENARIAN SALVATIONIST

Receives the Home-Call after Over 40 Years of Faithful Soldiery

Bristol Citadel Corps has lately lost a number of its veterans, says the London "War Cry," who have passed triumphantly into the Gloryland, the most recent to receive the Home Call being our dear old warrior, Sister Mrs. Bushell, who was in her 100th year and was one of the oldest Soldiers—in point of service—in the Corps. During her long experience as a Salvationist our comrade had filled, with credit, a number of Local Officership positions and was well known also for her enjoyment of Open-Air warfare.

Dr. Bishop Hurst, the American Bishop was once asked how he was able to write so many books. "By working when other men were picking their teeth and looking out of the window," he simply said.



The Love that Overcame

"Love suffereth long, and is kind."—1 Corinthians xiii. 4.

Tim had a drunken father, who was very angry with him for going to Salvation Army Meetings, and beat him cruelly. The poor boy had set his heart upon getting his father saved, but it seemed to him that the more he prayed the more violent his father became, and the more determined he seemed to "throw the religion out of him."

"Captain," said Tim at last, "I shall have to give up. I can't bear it any longer!"

"You mustn't give up," said the Captain. "God has grace enough for you. See if there is not some little kind act you can show towards your father. Do it and keep praying and believing all the time."

The boy thought and thought, and finally he decided upon cleaning his father's shoes. For a long time this attention had no effect upon the man, who just looked at the shoes, grunted, and put them on, but continued to beat his son and curse The Army. Tim stuck to his job, and polished and polished till one Sunday morning the father shouted, "Hallo, Tim, is it you that's been meddling with my shoes? What have you done that for?"

"Dad," faltered Tim, "I wanted to show you that I loved you, even though you beat me."

"Love me, you little rascal," he roared, "is that what they teach you at The Army? Well, I'll go along tonight to see to it, and I'll make you pray for me too."

He went, and Tim found it no cross to pray for his father; indeed, as he led him up to the Penitent-Forn he could not have helped praying.

The Glory of the Eternal

"Prisons would palaces prove—if Jesus but dwell with us there."

In the days of old, prison cells have shone with the glory of the eternal, and the stake itself has been welcomed as a veritable chariot of fire waiting to convey God's faithful witnesses into the immediate presence of their Lord. But it has been so simply because of His Word, known, believed, loved and lived upon with a confidence that nothing could shake.

And we today in our humbler and less heroic lives still need to lean upon the same wondrous staff throughout our earthly pilgrimage. We still need to feed upon the same heavenly food that has sustained the weary travelers in bygone days, and to drink of the same refreshing stream—the Word of the living God. That Word can satisfy our every need, afford us rest in every time of sorrow and of toil, and speak peace in the darkest and most tempestuous hours.

In these days, multitudinous voices are heard on every side, and life is full of things that distract the mind, and tend to lure our souls from the simplicity of the faith. Oh! that we may the more earnestly give heed to the words of our gracious Master, and take our unwavering stand upon the impregnable rock of what He hath said.—F.J.H.

Getting Even

"Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good."—Romans xii. 21.

An office boy had been playing tricks on a stenographer who was a Salvationist. "I'll be even with you, yet," she said.

"I thought The Salvation Army folk didn't reckon to get their own back," answered the culprit, but the typist replied "You wait and see."

At six o'clock the stenog. covered her machine and was preparing for home when she noticed the office boy struggling with a heavy pile of letters intended for the night mail. Taking off her hat and coat she helped him to enter the letters in the postage book, and to stick on the stamps. When the last letter had been dropped into the mail bag the astonished boy turned to thank his helper, but was cut short with, "It's quite all right; I've only paid you out for this afternoon; that's The Army way of getting even."

It is not merely The Army way. It is the Christ way, taught by Him, in word and example. It is the way we all should manifest if we would be true, humble followers of Him.

An Invaluable Tool

"Why discourage ye the hearts of the people?"—Numbers xxxii. 7.

There is an old tradition that once the Devil was going out of business. He spread all of his tools out on a long asbestos bank, and advertised a fire sale. Buyers came from all parts of Hell. One old fellow determined that he would buy the most devilish implement that was available, and he searched through the entire display. His eyes lighted on a wedge-shaped tool which was all battered up. Examining the asbestos tag, he found the price to be the highest of anything exhibited.

Turning to the Devil he said, "What do you mean, wanting all that money for this old thing—it is all battered up!" The Devil said, "You bet it is all battered up! I have used that tool more than any other in my collection. It is the best tool I own, and it is worth the price."

"What do you call it?" the old fellow asked.

The Devil whispered in his ear: "That tool is *Disencouragement*; and the best of it is, nobody knows it belongs to me."

The Condition of the Blessing

"All the tithes . . . prove me now . . . I will pour out a blessing."—Mal. iii. 10.

THERE are many among us who are deathly and apathy which exists in some places; we constantly hear such praying for a revival of the Holy Spirit's influence amongst us, but it has recently occurred to us that before we can pray effectively for the Awakening we must fulfil the Divine conditions of blessing.

And here we may accept the guidance of the prophet Malachi: "Bring ye all the tithes into the storehouse, that there may be meat in Mine house, and prove Me now herewith, said the Lord of Hosts, if I will not open you the windows of heaven, and pour you out a blessing, that there shall not be room enough to receive it."

It will be noticed that two conditions have to be fulfilled before the windows of heaven are opened and the blessing is poured out. First of all, it is necessary that all the tithes should be brought into the storehouse. We must, as a people, be willing to surrender all our resources to our Risen Lord. Our individual Soldiers must be prepared, first of all, to give of their own selves unto Him. In the second place, the people of God are urged to prove Him, which means that they are to exercise that faith which can laugh at impossibilities and cry: "It shall be done!"

We draw attention to these conditions because it is so easy to talk in a loose and vague way about prayer for a holy visitation as though prayer were nothing more than making requests for the good gift. Prevailing prayer is bounded by

definite conditions which must be observed and fulfilled before prayer can be answered. "If I regard iniquity in my heart, the Lord will not hear me."

Assuming that we are willing to bring all the tithes into the Divine storehouse, there yet remains the task of proving the Lord. That means, pre-eminently, that we should begin to take God at His word, and believe that all His promises are Yea and Amen in Christ Jesus. God waits to be gracious to His people. No good thing will He withhold from them that walk uprightly. Having given to us His Son, He has with Him given us freely all things. But we are to possess our possessions, and this we can only do as we exercise power of faith.

William Carey, that dauntless pioneer for God in India, created a motto which we may well adopt at the present moment. "Expect great things from God; attempt great things for God." If prayer for revival is to be answered, then it is necessary that from the very beginning all our expectations should be from God. We are to look up to Him with happy, childlike confidence. He is able to do exceedingly abundantly above all that we ask or think, according to the power that worketh in us.

We have prayed for a blessing, but we have failed to expect it. This must be corrected. Let us look to God to answer our prayers, and let our expectations be quickened and kindled by the Holy Spirit and His Word will once more be accomplished.

The Delayed Gift

"This blessing thine handmaid hath brought."—1 Sam xxv. 27.

I HAVE never met any one who sought wholeheartedly, at all costs, for cleansing from sin, and who did not find it. I remember a lady, a professing follower of Christ, whose daughter had been saved by means of The Salvation Army, saying to me: "I cannot obtain this blessing, though I have earnestly sought it. I begin to think I never shall; it must be reserved for a privileged few, like my daughter, who undoubtedly is in possession of a clean heart."

After further conversation, she confessed to holding her girl back from entering the Training Garrison, in spite of her definite call to do so. Naturally, while she refused to give up her child and disobeyed God's will, she could not be delivered from her inward enemies.—"O."

The Lamb that was Outside

"But one was out on the hills astray."

I remember, said the great Dr. Talmage, how one day a visitor came to our old home, and when we were all seated in the room he said, "Mr. Talmage, are all your children Christians?" Father said, "Yes, all but De Witt." Then our guest looked down in the fireplace and began to tell a story of a storm that came on the mountains and all the sheep were in the fold; but there was one lamb outside that perished in the storm.

Had he looked me in the eye I should have been angered when he told that story; but he looked into the fireplace, and it was so pathetically and beautifully done that I never found any peace till I was sure I was inside the fold, where the other sheep were.

The Unforgiving Spirit

"But if ye forgive not men their trespasses, neither will your Father forgive your trespasses."—Matthew vi. 15.

Whilst stationed at Ithaca, I, A., a man came to our Meetings, and was sent under deep conviction of sin.

In dealing with him I discovered that once been a preacher of the Gospel. A false friend did him an injury which so worked upon his mind and heart, that eventually he let go his hold of God and vowed that if ever he met this man again he would shoot him.

I endeavored to show him that God would avenge him of his enemy, and that unless he forgave, he could never be forgiven. After a great deal of persuasion he came to the Mercy-Seat, and laid his revolver upon it. We prayed with him until nearly midnight; the Heavens seemed like brass; suddenly, springing to his feet he shouted, "I swear I never would forgive him and I never will." With those words he rushed from the building.

Next morning as Lieutenant and I were having our breakfast, a knock came to the door. On answering I saw the son of this man standing there, who with tears streaming down his cheeks said, "O Captain! will you come at once; father came home so drunk early this morning, was taken very ill and died. Now the undertaker wants to take him away and bury him at once without having any funeral service at all."

I did all I could for the poor lad, and succeeded in arranging a decent funeral for the father, but shall never forget the awful feeling that came over me as the coffin was lowered into the grave in the corner of that potter's field, that a soul had been lost to all eternity through an unforgiving spirit.—Mrs. Major Gatrall, I.H.Q.

The Early Morning Call

"And they rose up early in the morning and worshipped."—1 Sam. i. 19.

"Thank God for the first soul!" said an Adjutant in his Welcome Meeting, as a rather disreputable looking man knelt at the Penitent-Forn.

The Treasurer stepped over to his side. "Don't count that man, Adjutant. He's often been out before. He spoke rather loudly, and the man who had just knelt at the form heard, and looked up with shame and despair in his face. 'What?' he exclaimed, 'is it no use my coming then? Has no one any hope for me?'"

The Adjutant Hopeful

"Yes, my dear fellow, I have," said the Adjutant, and knelt by his side at once. He learnt that the man was a baker, and started work at three o'clock each morning. Leaving the house at six o'clock, not and tired and thirsty, to go to breakfast, he had been in the habit of calling at a public-house on his way, and had fallen again and again under the power of this particular temptation.

Wobbler Becomes a Pillar

Next morning at six o'clock, and a week or two after, the Adjutant presented himself at the bakehouse door, and the man safely past the public-house breakfast. A word of prayer and a little encouragement on these occasions worked wonders, and the wobbler, whom all seemed to have lost hope, came a pillar in the Corps. He was first of 300 souls won during that Officers' year. The early call for the baker, and an early morning Prayer-Meeting and between fifty and sixty Soldiers gathered each morning to pray for awakening—with the results I have recorded. The Adjutant, I may mention later became Lieut.-Colonel Byers, now in the Goryland.—A.G.C.

Lt.-Colonel Sims in Vancouver An Interesting Round of Visits

Sandwiched among their Congress engagements in Vancouver, Lt.-Colonel Sims, the Men's Social Secretary, with Major Jaynes, recently visited Okalla Prison, where a very interesting Meeting took place, both men and women being present at the service. The Major opened the Meeting, and introduced Colonel Sims. Two Songsters from the Vancouver Citadel Corps rendered duets, and the men joined heartily in the singing of several choruses. Following the Bible address by the Colonel, twenty-five hands were raised, signifying the intention of the men to accept Christ as their Saviour.

In the evening, the Colonel conducted a bright Salvation Meeting with the men at the Metropole. A good work is being done at this Institution, and as a result of the labors of Major Jaynes and his helpers, several men have been converted recently, and are standing true.

The Colonel accompanied by Major Jaynes also visited the Penitentiary at New Westminster, and had a very blessed time with the few men who are converted. In addition to the forceful address delivered by the Colonel, each of the converts testified to the knowledge of sins forgiven. Major Jaynes is doing a splendid work, and rain or shine he visits these Converts weekly.—S.E.

"In Journeyings Oft"

Our comrades of The Army's Migration Department are surely the most traveled of any of our Officers. An interesting letter from Brigadier Hector Wright, formerly of Canada and now Resident-Secretary for Immigration in Australia (Melbourne), discloses the fact that in the short while since taking up this position he has journeyed no less than 12,500 miles by rail, steamer, aeroplane, automobile, and "jinker".

The Brigadier, by way of explanation, informs us that the Australian "jinker" is a two-wheeled vehicle, usually used in the country districts, by persons who are not well enough off to boast an automobile. The aeroplane "stunt" became necessary in order for the Brigadier to keep his engagements, other means of transportation not being available at the time. Incidentally, the cost of the trip was the same as by any other means.

Adversity does not take from our true friends; it only disperses those who pretend to be such.

Some Congress Recollections and Reflections

WE suppose by this time one can safely say that both the Winnipeg and Vancouver Congress Gatherings are at an end; for the past two or three weeks some of us have been living in a whirl of arrangements and Meetings, and now that we are settling down to a more sedate state of affairs, it is possible to think quietly upon some of the good things which have come to us during these days.

Without the slightest reflection on previous Events of a similar character, we think it can truly be said that the influences of this Congress will long be felt amongst us. The sparkling, youthful virility of our Congress Leader has been an inspiration to all, but in a specially marked degree these qualities have had, and must continue to have, their effect upon the younger members of our community. The fact that an Officer so nearly their own age, and with their own outlook on life and upon The Army, had led us forth to such successes cannot but be an inspiration to them.

Further, the visit of Colonel Marv has called forth from us expressions of our personal loyalty to the General and to The Army, such expressions as have been our abounding pleasure. And the Colonel's ready comradeship has given us an easy outlet for such sayings and doings. The spontaneous demonstrations of soldierly affection at all points have emphasised this.

"With the Doors Shut"

We have had great times in the Officers Meetings, when "with the doors shut" we have heard and said things which were for ourselves, although they might well have been proclaimed from the housetops. We have sent messages of fealty to International Headquarters which have been as fervent in intent as in spirit. We have rioted in a youthful Salvationism which is more and more our joy.

Those who were privileged to see some of the railroad demonstrations, too, will not soon forget them. At centres where the Congresses were but a report, and where the comrades have had little opportunity of joining in the Consecration and Salvation blessings of the Meetings, there has been an overflow of real affection.

It will not be easy to forget even if one desired to do so, the boisterous send-off from Vancouver. The Officers and Soldiers took possession of the Depot for a few minutes, and made the Rotunda ring with Salvation music and song, and then adjourned to the platform where the last farewells were said and sung. The excitement of the other passengers was scarcely less than our own—indeed, as the journey progressed they took more and more a volitional interest in our doings. The last sound we heard at Vancouver, above the volley-firing and shouts of "Glory" was the brilliant strain of "Carry on".

Beauty on Beauty

The demonstration which we had during the trip through the mountains was of another character. Might upon might, and beauty upon beauty, of course. It will be long before we see such another sight as the moonlight on the Fraser, or on Mt. Macdonald; all its own delight that. But it seemed as if our fellow passengers vied with each other in memory and flattery.

There was one gentleman telling with eagerness of his journey to the Klondyke, oh, many years since, when the Commander made her famous visit there, and of the delightfulness of her company. There was another who got sadly mixed in his generations and said he was present at Capetown when General Bramwell Booth turned the city en fête for his reception. There was another who told the oft-told tale of "coffee and dough-nuts in France," and on that the following:

"Oh, be quiet about the coffee and dough-nuts in France," said the "Klondyke" gentleman, "you fellows talk as if that is all The Army has ever done. Why don't you go and listen to them preaching on the streets sometimes, and then you'd not want so much of that 'tidley-stuff' you evidently like too well."

At Swift Current, where we arrived at 1 p.m. there was the lively little band all ready, with Captain and Mrs. O'Donnell, and Bandmaster May in full trim. My, how well they played, and how they listened to and cheered Colonel Marv and the Commissioner for their enheartening messages. Said one of our passengers "I wanted to give to the collection, why didn't they have one?"

But for vim and spurt the reception at

Regina "took the cake". The strains of "O Canada" told us that something was on the go, and when the train pulled in there were Officers, Bandsmen, and Soldiers all in one glorious mix-up. Pity that all could not see the visitors as well as they could hear them—for more than one said, "We want to get a good look at her." There were songs and choruses, and speeches, and instructions, and reports of victory all round. Brigadier Smith pledged his new Troops to fresh victories.

And then, with the Bandsmen rattling out a real old Army strain, we made for Winnipeg, Grace Hospital Graduation, and the Final Farewell. This latter was last evening, Monday, at the C.P.R. Depot. The Officers of Territorial Headquarters and the City were there in full force; the Cadets with their Band aided in the "glory" of the affair, and altogether it was just as happy an event as any item of the Congress.

"I love you all, I shall never forget you; I have had innumerable blessings in your midst; Good-bye and God bless you all," so said the Colonel. The Conductor said, "Bo-o-o-ard"; we all shouted "Glory" once more, and are now back at work—getting on with the job. It's been a good Congress, it is now our business to put it all into effect.

The Fire Burned for Over Thirty-Five Years

Commissioner Hogard is very fond of telling how he prayed down the fire from Heaven at his first Corps as a young Captain when he had come to a point of hard decision. Alone in his bed room he "scaled the heights of prayer and really touched the Divine." While he was praying this Scripture was given to him. "If any man thirst, let him come unto Me." (John 7: 37).

He went to the Meeting, which was held in a chapel basement. There were twenty people present. They sang, "Give Me a Heart to Praise My God," and every line was illuminated. The young Captain spoke, quoting that verse he had received from Heaven, and the twenty people prostrated themselves before God. Eight cried, "O God, be merciful to me a sinner!" and the other twelve consecrated themselves to the Lord's work.

That fire has kept burning, for when the Commissioner recited this incident thirty-five years later in Scotland, an old woman rose up to say, "And I am one of the eight."



Officers of British Columbia and Alaska in Congress at Vancouver.

THE WAR CRY

Official Organ of The Salvation Army in Canada West and Alaska

Founder: William Booth
General: Bramwell BoothInternational Headquarters
London, England

Territorial Commander,

Lieut.-Commissioner Chas. Rich,
317-319 Carlton St.,
Winnipeg, Manitoba.

All Editorial communications should be addressed to The Editor, Lt.-Colonel Joy.

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GENERAL ORDER

Corps Cadet Day will be observed throughout the Territory on Sunday, Nov. 18th. Corps Officers will please arrange accordingly. Divisional Commanders are responsible for issuing necessary instructions and suggestions to Officers under their direction.

CHAS. T. RICH,
Territorial Commander.

OFFICIAL GAZETTE

(By Authority of the General)

APPOINTMENT:

Major Hector Habbirk to be Territorial Property Secretary.

CHAS. T. RICH,
Lt.-Commissioner.

THE GENERAL

It will be of great interest to our readers to hear that the General continues to make progress towards recovery. At a recent gathering of Officers of the British Field it was decided to send our Leader a message of greeting and assurance of fidelity to Army principles; also mentioning their earnest prayers for his early and complete recovery.

A reply was received from the General assuring the Officers of the joy which their message had brought to him, and that he was looking forward to the future with confidence, and that he was especially praying that every effort made by them in this (the Founders' Centenary Year, bring forth fruit to the Glory of God.

Salvationists everywhere will be grateful to God for the indication which they will see in this message of the increasing interest which the General's present state of health is enabling him to take in matters connected with the Salvation War—an indication which, it is fully evident, is not without its counterpart in other directions.

Territorial Property

Secretary Appointed

The Commissioner announces the appointment of Major Hector Habbirk as Property Secretary at Territorial Headquarters. The position vacated, it will be remembered, by the transfer of Staff-Captain Clarke to the United States. We welcome our comrade to his new responsibility, and wish him much joy in the duties associated therewith.



Major H. Habbirk.

The Chief of the Staff Conducts London Memorial Service of Lt-Colonel Bramwell Taylor

Major Job Taylor and Other Members of the Family Present

By MRS. MAJOR BECKETT

IF Lt.-Colonel Bramwell Taylor could have entered the Wood Green Hall on Wednesday, October 17th, in person, his arm would have ached with shaking hands and his head would have been bewildered with its turning from side to side, for almost every one of the occupants of the 800 seats and many of those who stood had some personal knowledge of and connection with him, and all most sincerely and wholeheartedly mourned his loss.

There were present comrades who had been associated with him in the Staff Band, the Ambulance Unit, comrades from I.H.Q., comrades who had soldiered with him, others who had been Cadets with him, some who had known him in Canada, and there were the men whom he had so faithfully led in the Wood Green Band. Then there were veterans of the Wood Green Corps who had admired him when as an Officer on I.H.Q. he had soldiered there: there were boys to whom he was, because of his Army and War Service, a hero; and there was his sister and her husband (Major and Mrs. T. Tucker), his faithful old warrior father (Major Job Taylor, retired), and our beloved Chief, the father of Mrs. Lt.-Colonel Taylor.

From the sound of the "Last Post" Bugle Call at the commencement of the service until the echo of the last fervent Amen at the end, the Meeting was a throbbing with feeling. Yet whilst there was a surreptitious wiping of the eye

any other considerations than those of right: a man who was under all circumstances, difficult or pleasing, true to the principles he had accepted as a lad. I want to pay my tribute to him as a painstaking Salvation Army Officer. He was always thorough in whatever he undertook. In his dealings with himself he was thorough. He had no more mercy upon himself than he had upon anyone else. He was always pulling himself up to higher standards of duty.

"He was painstaking in his work. I have been with him across the water in Canada on one or two different occasions, and I discovered that he was always busy, busy with some self-improvement or something that would help him in his work. I remember on one occasion I rather upbraided him as a few of us sat talking in his house, and he sat apart in a corner busy with his pen making some improvements on an article he was writing. He could dissociate himself and concentrate his mind on those things which were first to him and which he considered were the most important things in his life.

The Ambulance Band

"He was thorough in his dealings with the Ambulance in France, or with the Wood Green Band, or as the Editor of one of The Salvation Army periodicals, or in his dealings with the Field Officers of Western Canada—no matter where he was placed he was always thorough. How I admired him in his labours with

A PRAYER FOR THANKSGIVING DAY

ALMIGHTY GOD. Father of all mercies, We Thine unworthy servants do give Thee most humble and hearty thanks for all Thy goodness and loving-kindness to us, and to all men; particularly to those who desire now to offer up their praises and thanksgivings for Thy late mercies vouchsafed unto them.

We bless Thee for our creation, preservation, and all the blessings of this life; but above all, for Thine inestimable love in the redemption of the world by our Lord Jesus Christ; for the means of grace, and for the hope of glory.

And, we beseech Thee, give us that due sense of all Thy mercies, that our hearts may be unfeignedly thankful, and that we show forth Thy praise, not only with our lips, but in our lives; by giving up ourselves to Thy service, and by walking before Thee in holiness and righteousness all our days; through Jesus Christ our Lord to Whom with Thee and the Holy Ghost be all honour and glory, world without end—Amen.

and clearing of the throat by many of the audience, there were often smiles and even laughter as some comrade gave a happy reminiscence or made an apt remark.

Upholding the Chief, who led the Meeting, was his daughter Captain Ruth Higgins, and the Commissioners who had known the Colonel and had been associated with him at one time or another—Commissioner Map, Commissioner and Mrs. Blowers, Commissioner Richards, Commissioner and Mrs. Cunningham, Commissioner and Mrs. Haines, and Commissioner Allister Smith, and they united with the audience in showing to the Chief and to the Colonel's other loved ones such earnest and affectionate sympathy that the Memorial Service, far from having a saddening effect, could but be productive of comfort and uplift.

The Chief's Tribute

Following a prayer by Mrs. Commissioner Blowers, a Scripture reading by Lt.-Colonel Zealley, and an appropriate solo by Major T. Tucker, the Chief spoke. Husky and weary came his voice at first, but rapidly his subject gripped him and he poured out his heart's message:

"I felt I should like to be associated with you (Wood Green Corps) and together with Major Taylor pay a tribute to Bram. I speak in a dual capacity. Representing Headquarters, I speak of him as an Officer and a Salvationist. I have known him ever since he was a boy on I.H.Q. I have followed his career with much interest and I have always found him to be a true Salvationist, a man who could not be swayed by

the Band that is here tonight! How he used to come to my house and talk to me about them and tell me what his hopes and aspirations were for their efficiency, and nothing daunted him in his determining to secure the things upon which his heart had been set.

"I have known him as a man abandoned to his work. He had no other ambition and no thought that dissociated him from his work in The Salvation Army. In all the years I have known him I have never heard him express anything which could give anyone the slightest thought that he expected to spend any moment of his life other than in the service of God and as a Salvation Army Officer. With such ambitions, it is not to be wondered at that he did his work well and did his best to fit himself for the task that was allotted to him.

"I should be unfair to him if I did not say that he was a very able Officer. His ability was not confined to one particular sphere, but he has broadened out and considerably added to the abilities which he naturally possessed.

"Year by year he has grown in those things that were necessary to make him an all round Officer in The Salvation Army. He was able with his pen and able in all his other tasks, and I had looked forward to seeing him fill some of the top positions in The Salvation Army, and be one of the men who in the years to come would lead our forces sword and hilt passed from the battlefield.

"Representing the General and Headquarters this evening, I must confess

that The Army's loss is a great one. One of the young men of promise has been cut down in his prime in the midst of what seemed to be a fair road to victory and success.

"Last Sunday would have been his last Sunday in his appointment. He was appointed to take charge of the Training Garrison in San Francisco. It was new work and he had written saying how much he appreciated the opportunity. His experiences as a Secretary in Western Canada had enabled the important part played by the training of young men and women in the work of The Army was to be recognized. He sought from me any advice I could give; what should he read, what was he to prepare himself; could I tell him so that when he undertook the task he could do it well.

"I stand here also with a close family relationship. He was the husband of my daughter. He had been taken by a stroke of our home. There was no difference between him and all the rest of us. He was worthy of it all, worthy in his character, and worthy in whatever aspect you think of him. We have always been proud of him and glad to feel that he was our daughter's husband. I look back upon the time he has spent in our house and remember some of the circumstances and some of the conversations, and they will remain with me for ever. We have suffered the loss of a son.

"I shall miss Bram, perhaps miss him more in the days to come than I do now. I shall think of him always with true affection. My wife and I—I am sorry she is not here, but she felt she had to go and comfort our daughter—share in this deep sorrow. But I want to declare here tonight that whilst we cannot understand the mystery we trust God and love Him. He is good, and we do not allow any sorrow or disappointment to change for a single moment our thoughts of Him and what we know Him to be. I want you to pray for my daughter. She was associated with him in everything.

Mrs. Taylor's Message

"I asked her if she would like to send a message by night cable, and I want to read to you the message she has sent:

"During fifteen years of life spent together he has been a loving husband, an affectionate father, a Christian gentleman, a loyal Salvationist and an understanding friend. His life was short, but it was packed tight with service. The cause he loved, he was ready. Others are needed to wield the sword he has laid down for the crown. My faith is unshaken. Praise be. "Pray for her and for all who love her, I know you will."

Space will not permit more than mention of the other speakers: Lt.-Colonel Goldsmith, who talked of Bram's testimony in the Staff Band; Sergeant Major Will Ashford, his Band-Sergeant and general "second-hand" in the Ambulance Band who spoke so enthusiastically and sincerely of his ability to get the best out of his men and how he, the Sergeant-Major, had become a better man and a better Bandsman through knowing him; Band Secretary Williams of Wood Green who eulogised the Colonel's service to the Wood Green Band; Brigadier Higgins who spoke of his old friend and laughed that would on occasion "burst" suddenly, without any warning and ripple away with a musical cadence, would leave behind it a very pleasant feeling, and of travels with him; editorial labours together; Mrs. M. Tucker to whom Bram was most devoted, who spoke of his successful playmate and very good friend; and Major Job Taylor, his bereaved father, on whose ears the tributes paid to him well had fallen with so much comfort.

With a voice fraught with feeling it was the anniversary of his own son Colonel Pugmire sang of The Home and from the hearts of those present awakened as they were to the reality of death and tender with loving sympathy arose to Heaven a voice of consecration to new service. Surely, although able to be present in body, Lt.-Colonel Taylor on the evening of October was rejoicing with the Angels in heaven over the sinners that sought God's forgiveness at the Mercy-Seat in W. Green Citadel.

Our business as soul-winners is to men face to face with Jesus Christ.

Winnipeg Grace Hospital (1928) Graduation Exercises

**Colonel Mary Booth a Welcome Participant • The Commissioner
Presides Over a Particularly Happy Function**

IT seemed to us that everything conspired to make the Grace Hospital Graduation in Winnipeg on Friday last the most successful and charming we have ever seen. This event is always one of the outstanding happenings of The Army year, but if we forget all other Graduations we shall still remember that of the Class of 1928. Not so much for the fine simplicity of the programme; not for the musical feast provided by the Bands, although that in itself was worth coming for; not even for the graceful speeches, but because of the spiritual tone of the Meeting, and of the elevating quality of every item in the well-ordered ceremony.

Another element of exceptional interest to Salvationists, and we believe, to many of our friends, was introduced in the presence of Colonel Mary Booth, who, in this gathering made her farewells to Canada West Salvationists. Her inspiring address to the nurses, and her graceful performance of the duties allotted to her were a delight to all present.

The Young United Church is indeed familiar to us on these occasions, and unless it was an Army building, no better setting could have been desired for the bevy of nurses who graced the platform—twenty-two of them—smart and trim, and exactly the stamp of nurse one would expect from Grace Hospital.

The fact that Dr. J. E. Coulter, the announced Chairman, was unavoidably absent from the gathering, was a source of disappointment, not only to the audience, but to those who had arranged for his presence. However, the Commissioner stepped into the breach, and surely no better chairman could have been found, all that he said and did being happy and apt. With the St. James Band accompanying, the large audience joined in the singing of what we should like to call the "Graduation Anthem"—

"Al even 'ere the sun was set,
The sick, O Lord around Thee lay"
and then Brigadier Park led in prayer.

We feel that the Graduation Exercises would scarcely be complete without a duet from Adjutants Haynes and Davies, and their choice of a song on this occasion was exceptionally apt: "A hiding-place from every storm."

Dr. R. H. Bell followed with a sympathetic reading of the Benedictions, and then came the presentation of Colonel Mary Booth—a duty well performed by Brigadier (Dr.) Whittaker, who, among her other gifts, possesses to a fine degree, the art of public speaking.

"My task on this occasion," said the Brigadier, "is a very very delightful one, and there are many ways in which I could do it. I could present the Colonel as the grand-daughter of William Booth; I could present her as the daughter of an equally illustrious man, our present General; I could present her as the daughter of her famous mother, whose name has become a household word in all that pertains to the elevating of women. But I am not going to present her to you in this light. I beg leave to present her to you as my friend," and it was thus we received Colonel Mary, as we now all affectionately call her. Fresh from her Congress Conquests at the Coast, and showing little of the strain of recent days, we had already looked upon her in her place on the platform, amongst a stately and charming galaxy, with real Army pride; a feeling which was evidently shared by the now applauding audience.

The Colonel was choice in her remarks to the Graduating Class, and in her farewell words to her comrades and with joy we endeavored to set them down:

"I hope you will forgive me if I sound a little sad, and look a little sad, and feel a little sad. But it is true: I really am very sad, because this is my last night in Winnipeg, and very soon I shall have to pack my bag and go. But perhaps it is a good thing I am not staying very much longer, for somehow the Canadian people have so captivated me that perhaps if I didn't go soon I would never leave to go back to Germany of all, only please don't tell that in Germany!"

"I have never taken part before in a Graduation Meeting, and I have never graduated myself (only in The Salvation Army), and I don't know much about it. I don't know what I am sup-

posed to say. I suppose I might talk about Grace Hospital. You have cause to be proud of it. Or I might talk about your Medical Staff. They look as if they were worth talking about. I might talk about the nurses. I might even do worse than talk about Dr. Whittaker. I am a little upset that she has introduced me tonight as a friend. I look upon her as my sister. I might talk about the babies, although I don't know much about them."

I feel, however, I cannot do better than say a word or two about our brave nurses. Is there any word that is too good for them? Are they not like angels of mercy going in and out, every day, caring for the sick, aiding the helpless? There is no vocation, no profession more suited for womanhood than that of ministering to suffering humanity. I am glad these nurses have chosen this vocation as their life-work, and I pray that God's richest blessing may rest upon each one of them."

The Colonel concluded her address by an appeal to the young people in the Meeting: "Are you playing your part," she pleaded. There is a work for all to do, a life for all to live. What are you doing with yours?"

In Dr. Whittaker's speech we had heard many references to the splendid Medical Staff of the Hospital, and in particular to the admirable work now being done by Dr. C. R. Rice in the newly-established Surgical Department, and it was with pleasurable anticipation that we awaited his address to the Graduating Class, and a masterly utterance it was. Speaking to the Graduating Nurses, he said:

"I count it an honor to address you tonight, but I do not propose to spoil this evening for you by a long address. I am aware that during the time you have been in the Hospital you have listened to many lectures, and will not want another tonight. This is your night. I wish to offer you our most sincere congratulations, but while we congratulate you, we would remind you of the more serious side of the



Brigadier Mary Whittaker, M.D. M.B.E.

position you now hold. You are now entering one of the learned professions. While you have gained many things from those who have lectured you, and from the efficient Superintendent of the Hospital, we would not forget the diligent work and good service you have given yourselves, service and work for which you are now to get your reward. The reward you will get comes to you slowly.

"During the time you have been in training you have learned of life as it is lived by many of the people. You have seen sorrow and pain, you have seen still more of joy and happiness—the joy and happiness that comes to a father and mother with the coming of their child. You have seen also the power of religious consolation in the time of trouble, even if you have not quite agreed with the manner in which it is offered. And as you go out from here I would counsel you to remember these things. The reward will be the confidence of the people you will be glad to serve, and in getting this will be your greatest happiness."

No Graduation of Nurses could take place without the repeating of the Florence Nightingale Pledge by the nurses, and in this the Class was led by Dr. Lennox Arthur, a member of the Medical Staff.

It was unfortunate that Mrs. John Bracken was unable, through serious sickness, to be present and undertake the presentation of the Certificates and Pins as had been announced, but these duties were performed instead by Colonel Mary Booth and Mrs. Edith Rogers, M.L.A., amid much applause and great interest. Just as the Graduate Nurses took their places the Bands struck up a marching melody, and a number of Life-Saving Guards entered the church to make their annual dutiful salute.

An item which was new to us on a Graduation programme was the presentation of special prizes to several of the Nurses, this ceremony being performed by Mrs. Commissioner Rich, and Dr. Dorothy Sugden. The Gold Medal for General Proficiency, presented by the Medical Staff, being awarded to Nurse Inggerdhar Jonsson, and the Silver Medal, second award for General Proficiency, presented by the Board of Management, being received by Nurse Mary Hamilton. The Pediatrics Prize, the gift of Dr. Day and Dr. Murray Chare, being taken by Nurse Joy Martin.

To this part of the ceremonies Dr. Dorothy Sugden's contribution was touchingly reminiscent of past services to the Institution, it being her final duty to present to Nurse Jonsson, "The Sugden Prize."

With pleasure we listened to Mrs. Edith Rogers, as she moved a vote of thanks to all who had taken part, and as she said, as indeed we should all have liked to say, "We have all taken a great fancy to Colonel Mary Booth." Dr. W. G. Campbell was equally happy in his remarks as he seconded the vote of thanks, and as he prompted by Colonel Mary's remark that she had not yet graduated, presented her with a pin, and made her an Honorary Nurse of Grace Hospital.

Then came the closing song of praise, "Jesus shall reign where'er the sun," and the Benediction pronounced by Dr. Bell.

(Continued on page 8)



The 1928 Graduating Class, with Brigadier M. Whittaker.

Bottom row, reading left to right: Hazel Noble, Abernethy, Sask.; Joy Martin, Grinnell, Man.; Elizabeth Benson, Winnipeg; Brigadier (Dr.) Whittaker; Mary Hamilton, Winnipeg; Laura Hay, Bayland, Man.; Nellie Howe, Selkirk, Man.; Captain Marion Neill of the Hospital Staff.
First row, standing: Emily Blackwell, Winnipeg; Mrs. Robert Grant, Roblin, Man.; Winnifred Smith, Winnipeg; Mary Doerksen, Winnipeg; Anne Forrester, Moose Jaw, Sask.; Beulah Glover, Winnipeg; Winnifred Willsough, Winnipeg.
Second row: Edith Ross, Winnipeg; Lena Scharf, La Riviere, Sask.; Ellen Babler, Central Butte, Sask.; Mrs. Miriam Hart, Moose Jaw, Sask.; Mabel Hunter, Lander, Man.; Vera Gust, Holland, Man.; Inggerdhar Jonsson, Virgil, Man.

The Deliberations of Dorcas Domore.



Suite A1 Styrum Mansions, Winnipeg.

Dear Mr. Editor:

Did you see anything of Danny when you were at the Coast? I have had one or two letters from him, and a night letter, but he says nothing about you, nor does he say when he will be returning. Perhaps he kept out of your way for fear you would ask him to report some of the Congress Meetings in Vancouver; in one of his letters he did say something about "having a good time for his own soul." I hope he had it, for he'll sure need telling when he gets back, and I get telling him what I think about it.

Wasn't it lovely at the Graduation? I had a seat up in the gallery. I was a bit late getting there owing to Danny's absence, and I couldn't hear very well, especially when the speakers turned their backs on our part of the audience. But those nurses—didn't they just look sweet, and Brigadier Hittaker!!!

I was at Winnipeg Citadel last night—Sunday—and we had such a lovely Meeting. I thought I would take a turn at another Corps for we had specials at our own, and I knew I shouldn't be missed. I just sat and feasted my poor old eyes on that announcement at the back of the platform—"Wanted, fifty Volunteers to sell 'The War Cry'." I couldn't keep from looking at it, and thinking about my wandering husband. It would have pleased him; I hope he gets back before they have to take down the bill. I expect he'll come walking in on me some evening just as I am ready to go out.

Things must be moving at The Pas. I've just heard about a telegram they have sent to the Publisher asking for an increase of fifteen copies; if it goes on at this rate they'll soon want an edition of their own. They'll soon be selling as many as Edmonton I or Vancouver I.

By the way, I have had such an interesting and encouraging chat with Brigadier Merrett; he has cheered me so much, and has told me that he enjoys my letters ever so much more than those my husband writes. Isn't that nice of him? Oh, and I have another special piece of news for you—quite private this—Colonel Mary has written in my autograph book, and that's more than some folks can say.

Good-bye, Mr. Editor. I am so glad you are home again. You seem to have had a very good time, but just wait till Envoy D. Domore returns. Just wait.

Yours in the War,

Dorcas Domore, Mrs. Envoy

Grace Hospital Graduation

(Continued from page 7)

Among many interesting items we would not forget the eloquent reading given by Mrs. Lennox Arthur, the spirited rendition of "The Canadian" March by the Citadel Band, and the wholly charming and uplifting cornet solo by Deputy Bandmaster George Weir. "Oh, for the wings of a dove," in which the Band accompaniment was a triumph of harmony and sweetness.—D.O.J.

Commissioner Howard, the newly-appointed Territorial Commander for Switzerland, conducted, recently, his first Day of Councils with Young People who gathered in Berne. The Meetings were very helpful, as was evidenced by the ready response of the eighty-four seekers registered.



Winnipeg, November 1st

The Commissioner's engagements during the next few days do not leave him much respite from public duty. Today, Thursday, Nov. 1, is set for the Winnipeg Welcome to the Field Secretary and Mrs. Peacock, and Major and Mrs. Carruthers. Sunday next is to be spent with our new comrades at the Winnipeg Citadel, when a great time is expected. On Monday evening our Leader presides at the Congress Choir "Sangerfest"; then there follow the other important engagements announced on page 8—the Edmonton Congress, etc.

It is good to have the Chief Secretary in regular attendance at Territorial Headquarters, and to know that he is gradually taking up the duties, many and varied, connected with his special office.

Colonel Mary Booth very gracefully acknowledged the visit of the Citadel Band to Winnipeg Grace Hospital on Sunday afternoon last. A regular part of their own and the St. James Band activities, it was good to have the Colonel's encouragement therein.

A goodly crowd of old and new comrades were in attendance at the C.P.R. Depot on Saturday morning last to welcome Lt.-Colonel and Mrs. Peacock. Major and Mrs. Carruthers came in later in the day and were received by some of their faithful henchmen.

Traders and others already have evidence that Brigadier Merrett is well in the saddle in the "Supplies Department" and attending to business with that promptitude which is so natural to him.

Staff-Captain and Mrs. Steele have had a real good start at Edmonton. Large crowds were present at their Citadel Meetings on Sunday last, and ten seekers came forward. Faith is high for Calgary this week-end.

A Wedding and a Blessing at Regina

FOR the genesis of this charming little tale we must look to Adjutant McLaughlin and her faithful assistants at the Regina Women's Social Settlement; we cannot give all the details, that will be well understood, but the sequel is herewith. It has to do with an Army wedding which has recently taken place.

"We are certainly more than grateful for the way in which we have been treated. We wish to give our words of thanks to The Army for what took place at 11.30 a.m. on September 29th; also to the ones that were present at the Regina Officers Quarters.

Too much credit cannot be given to Staff-Captain and Mrs. Acton for their share in the Vancouver Congress arrangements; indeed, so well and despatchedly did the Staff-Captain give himself to this duty that he became hors-de-combat by Sunday, but rallied for his part in the Monday evening programme.

"Table Talk" is glad to make mention of our "departed comrades"—Staff-Captain and Mrs. Clarke; a note to hand from Denver speaks of a hearty welcome and of high faith for the future.

Just a mention of a few other veterans whom we were delighted to see in attendance at the Vancouver Councils: Commandant and Mrs. Hanna, Commandant Greenland, Adjutant Denne, Ensign Nelson, and others. All good comrades of the days gone by.

Lieut. John Nelson, of Regina 2, is doing pro tem duty at Yorkton; and Lieut. Reg. Moore, of Swan River, has been doing appendicitis duty in hospital in Winnipeg.

A four months' financial and visitation trip in the North of Alaska was Captain Boyes' prelude to the Vancouver Congress; he looked well on it.

Pending his definite appointment and Mrs. Johnstone's complete recovery of health, Adjutant Donald Johnstone has been doing duty in the Subscribers' Department.

A little lad was heard reciting the letters of the alphabet. "What are you doing?" he was asked. "I was saying a prayer," he replied. "But why not say some words?" "I don't know many," said the little chap, "but I do know the letters, and if I send them up, God will put them together."

"We also wish to express our thanks to Commandant Beattie who conducted the service of our wedding; we are glad to say we received the power and blessing of God; we were sure He was with us."

"We pray that we may live our lives as pleasant all through as it was at that time. With our hearts forever set towards Zion it is our wish that this may be put in 'The War Cry'."

And not only do those who were present on that happy occasion wish our two dear comrades God's blessing, but many will unite with us in the same prayer. God bless them.

THE COMMISSIONER'S APPOINTMENTS

SUNDAY—November 11th Saint James Citadel
MONDAY—November 12th Isaac Brock School, Winnipeg
(Annual Thanksgiving Service)

THE EDMONTON CONGRESS

LT.-COMMISSIONER & MRS. RICH in Command

NOVEMBER 16th to 19th

LT.-Colonel Peacock, the newly-appointed Field Secretary, will also be present at the Congress Gatherings

Welcome!

Some time ago, in the "Bandmaster Songster" we read of a "boy singer" a member of the Govan (Scotland) Band of world-wide fame, who, Lt.-Col. Hawkes declared, "could pick off the 'E's' and 'C's' and 'A's' as easily as plucking gooseberries from a gooseberry bush." We little dreamed then that this comrade would so soon take "one manly stride," and send himself down our midst in the "wild and woolly West."

Let us introduce now to our new Bandsman Ernie Parr, already adorned a valuable acquisition to The Army musical forces in Canada West. On a day, September 30th, he farewelled the Govan, much to the regret of all his comrades. Bandmaster Gray told the officers at his farewell that his leaving was one of the hardest blows he had had to stand in many a year.

But, and we are relating this to our readers how God's wonderful "Instrument of Compensation" works out, the following Sunday, when special mention was made of the loss the Band had sustained by the transfer to Canada, and the audience was called to pray for the journeyings of the Bandsman, the Corps Officer, (divinely led, he stated), made an appeal for a volunteer to fill the vacant chair in the Band.

A young man instantly volunteered to be followed by another and another, until twenty-one seekers lined the Pentecost Form. It was the first break in the enemy's ranks in that Corps for many months, and Sister Mrs. Parr, writing to her boy, stated, "We miss you much, and the Band needs you sorely, but the Lord has made full use of your leaving."

—J.R.W.

The Army Badge

In one of our Corps out West there is a trophy of grace who, two years ago, after twenty years of slavery to drink and tobacco, became soundly converted. To-day he is a fighting Soldier, but finds the fight very stiff at times. Those with whom he is employed are continually trying to trip him up, or, rather, shall we say, it is the Devil working through them.

The other day one of his former boon companions said, "Come along and have a glass with us!" and was most persistent in his entreaties. At last our comrade, goaded to desperation by the gibes and jeers of those around him, but still strong in the Lord, threw open his overcoat and showed his Army badge. Proudly pointing to it, he said, "See that button? Well, that tells me I must never again touch strong drink, so it's of no use trying to tempt me." And with that his tormentors went away ashamed.

The Lord's Property

An old colored woman was testifying one day concerning the exceptional efforts the Devil had been making to get her back into his clutches. She said, "De ole Devil, he come 'round and he sure thinks he get my soul; but I believe to God, and when I'm tempted, I just looks up and I says, 'Now, Lord, I've just got to look after your property and his does.'"

Prison Corps Opened

Brigadier Habbirk Enrolls Twenty Three Soldiers at Lansing, Mich.
Three institutions were visited on recent Sunday. Twenty-three Soldiers were enrolled in Lansing State Prison. Flags were presented to the new Corps and five men were forward.
Fifty-five decisions at the Women's Industrial Farm and many hands raised for prayer at the Federal Prison Farm. Splendid interest everywhere, officials very kind.—John Habbirk, B. Officer.

Prisoners Seek Salvation

Daurhin (Captain and Mrs. Johnson) prison work is going ahead by leaps and bounds. Last Sunday we saw the more prisoners kneeling at the Merciful Seat. This rejoices us greatly. Recently one of the prisoners, who had been transferred to Winnipeg, questioned guard about his soul. He shows the signs of a real Salvationist.—"Overcomer"



Our Musical Fraternity



THE VANCOUVER CONGRESS FESTIVAL

Our Occasional Talk

What Would Jesus Christ Have Done?

ONE Sunday night, says a Missionary comrade, a young Indian graduate, on whose forehead were painted the symbols of a heathen god, came to tell me that he had decided to become a Christian. As we talked in the moonlight in the garden at Madras, it came out that he was a keen student of the Gospels and had been captivated by Christ.

I discovered that for some time he had been gathering little outcaste children on to his verandah and teaching them their letters. When I asked him why he did this, since it involved the breaking of his caste rules, his reply was as simple as it was sublime: "I thought it was the kind of thing Jesus Christ would do."

I discovered also that in an important examination when pens would not go round and a man next to him was writing in pencil with the risk of having his papers disqualified, this man lent him his fountain pen and himself took the pencil. His reason was the same: "I thought it was the kind of thing Jesus Christ would have done."

Why not a Christian Before?

I asked him the question you would have asked: "If you have studied the Gospels and been so attracted to Christ and so caught His spirit, why didn't you become a Christian before?"

"I shall never forget his answer. 'I am attracted,' he said, 'but Christ demands the carrying of a cross and absolute surrender, and I wouldn't become a Christian before because I wasn't prepared to go all the way.' Now I am prepared to go all the way."

We stood there in the garden, I with the marks of my calling upon me, and he with his forehead painted with the marks of a heathen god, but I knew who was the better Christian of the two, and it wasn't I.

When we can bring ourselves to that point of dedication things will soon begin to happen. When all Christ's followers do that the world will know that we really have the secret of life, and a way out of every problem. Perhaps Jesus is bending over us individually at this moment and asking His question: "Are you willing to drink the cup that I drink, and to go all the way with Me?"—L.D.W.

Keep Your Instrument Clean

To keep your instrument free from verdigris you should give it a good cleaning out regularly, and never put it away with water in it. Our Bands do a good deal of Open-Air work in the spring and summer. This is at a time when dust is mostly flying about, and this, mixing with the saliva, causes an accumulation which, of course, is not healthy nor good for the tone of the instrument. All instruments should be occasionally washed through with warm water, then rinsed well with cold water. Never drain the instrument through the mouthpiece.

There are no songs comparable to the songs of Zion, no orations equal to those of the prophets, and no policies like those which the Scriptures teach.

ONE would have thought that the most enthusiastic Vancouver Salvationist had had enough of Army music by the time Monday night arrived, but at 7.30 p.m. "hurry calls" were being circulated throughout the city to all and sundry who desired even a standing-seat admission. To maintain the reputation of the Congress "hundreds had been turned away." Oh, for that city auditorium!

But those who filled the Avenue Theatre had a feast of music and song, and real Army stuff at that. From first to last the programme swung along with a vim and verve which would not be denied. Even those non-regulation pauses which are such a trial to both chairman and audience were few and far between.

Now, seeing it is so well known who has been set to the task of reporting the Vancouver Congress, we are not going to attempt anything in the nature of a musical critique; we know our limitations and want to be well received at the Coast when next we get there. But, believe us, there was really very little, almost less than that, which caused us to do other than that to applaud with the most vigorous. When the Massed Bands "Squashed Bands" would better describe their formation) plunged into "Storm the Forts" we did wonder whether the roof of the old structure would stand the strain—but it held!

The Grandview Band in its various items well maintained their growing reputation, and we shall certainly expect to hear more of them in the days to come, especially when some of their younger members have attained their fuller musical growth. The New Westminster combination, too, helped us well in our "Cheerful Service", and one could easily understand that they are an asset to the musical life of the Royal City.

The Massed Songsters were quite up to "Congress Choir" standard, and we did wish, with a fervent wishing, that their comrades of the prairies might have heard them. For our part, we speak ignorantly we know, we get more help now and then from a good Songster effort (when they speak their words) than we do from the ——. You know. On this occasion we heard and enjoyed every word.

Captain Norman Buckley made a pleasing episode with his Trombone Solo, showing that Field Service has not dulled his weapon or taken the edge off his sword. He says that the Fernie Band is

worth listening to. Perhaps next year they'll be in the Event.

Naturally the Citadel comrades took the major part of the programme. The Songsters sang well, and we much enjoyed them. The Band, under the administration of Bandmaster Mills, helped finely in "The Wanderer" and "Man of Sorrows." The first was set to a series of well executed tableaux which became a wonderful illustration of the old Gospel tale. The latter was illustrated by a set of colored pictures which helped all in the still, crowded audience to enter into the great theme of the music.

Commissioner Rich had been acting as Chairman of the proceedings, with his usual readiness—in word and song—but his calling upon Colonel Mary Booth to make her last public Vancouver speech was his most popular item. (We do hope the setting of that sentence will not be misunderstood.—Ed.)

In a few vivid phrases, and with that happy gleam in her eyes which we have come to know so well lately, the Colonel took up the theme of the Meeting, and made it the opportunity not only of showing her close acquaintance with the practice and purpose of Army music, but for encouraging us in all such good endeavors. All that she said was a most choice insertion in the run of the evening's events; indeed, an emphasis and rounding off of the whole.

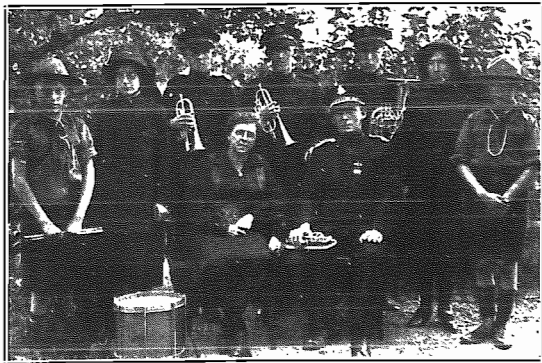
A Famous Song

THE story of Liddle's Abide with me, which Dame Clara Butt has made famous, is briefly this. She heard that he was down on his luck, sought him out, and persuaded him to act as her accompanist. He said one day, "Your voice gets right into my fingers."

Dame Clara chaffingly invited him to prove his words by composing a song for her, and the result was his setting of the well-known hymn. She sung it first at Plymouth, and at the close the audience remained utterly still.

Liddle thought the song was a failure, when the applause broke out, so thunderous and long, which showed that the public had acclaimed at once the song and the singer.

Its sales have been enormous, and no self-respecting music store the world over would be likely to allow it to run out of stock.



Bandmaster and Mrs. T. Mills of Vancouver Citadel, with their Army family. Reading from left to right: Scout Will, Songster Annie, Bandsman Reg, Tom and Bert, Captain Nellie (Kerrobort), and Scout Owen.

A Word in Season to Soloists

Faults in Posture

Oftentimes the pleasure of listening to singing is lost and much of the possible good negated by the fact that the singer goes through many unnecessary movements and contortions of the body and face. As a rule he is not aware of this, and it is rather a delicate matter to take upon oneself the task of mentioning this defect.

If singers will read the following and then examine themselves, it may prove helpful.

Generally contortions result from a desire to make more sound, and muscular strain results. This is bad. The voice is forced, the lungs are not used correctly, and many muscles are ignorantly dealt with.

Must be no Great Effort

Sing simply, quietly. Keep the body steady, face quiet, lower jaw loose, just as if you were yawning, and then you can't go far wrong. There must be no great effort, or feeling of strain, anywhere. When tenors get red in the face or basses blow out the chest as if they seem ready to burst, the result is not music.

If for once you will use a mirror when you sing, these faults will be noticed better even than if a friend pointed them out. Seeing may be believing. Speakers should also watch the points mentioned, for curious habits are so easily formed.

Body—Do not stand sideways, or lean forward or backward. Do not stand on tiptoe at times, not even for high notes. It does not help you.

Don't Shuffle or Twiddle

Then again, do not stand too stiffly, or continually shuffle the feet about. Are your *arms* and *hands* held very stiffly? Many singers and speakers get into the habit of twiddling their fingers, clenching their fists, rubbing their hands, or taking hold of buttons on their dress. All these mannerisms have an effect on the vocal effort.

Shoulders—Do not drag the shoulders forward, or your lungs cannot fill and expand. Since singers have a bad habit of shrugging their shoulders. Avoid this.

Also be careful not to hold the neck too rigidly. Your vocal organs cannot work comfortably in a cast-iron sort of neck. Don't push your neck too far forward or backward.

Head—Always hold the head upright; avoid tilting it to the right or left. The expression will be greatly improved.

Above all—Be Natural

Put some expression into the eyes, instead of continually opening and closing them as so many do. Don't glare; be natural.

If you keep your brows from frowning or contracting it will be more pleasant for listeners. You cannot improve your voice by shifting your brows!

Then the *lips*. Be careful not to draw the mouth to one side and sing out of the corner of it as is sometimes done. There is no need, either, to adopt a look of disgust or even an unnatural smile.

Again, *be natural*. Don't think of yourself, and all such faults as have been indicated will disappear.

Naval Strategy

"Dad," said Tommy, asking his fifty-first question that evening, "is a vessel a boat?"

"Well, yes," said the Adjutant, trying hard to get on with making up his reports; "you can call a vessel a boat, certainly."

"Well, what kind of a boat is a blood-vessel?"

"A life-boat, of course. Now clear off to band practice."



Rejoicing Over Seekers

Regina Citadel. Adjutant Reader and Captain McDowell. The Meetings here lately have not only been rich in blessing, but rich in results also. On Thursday night, our Officers, full of faith led us on, and as a reward for our prayers one soul sought Salvation.

The weekend Meetings were also seasons of great help and joy, this being especially so at the Penitential, when the Adjutant's powerful address, backed home by the Holy Spirit, so took hold of one young man that, before the close of the Meeting he knelt at the Penitential Form.

A Double Memorial Service

Lethbridge (Captain and Mrs. King. On Sunday, October 21, a double Memorial Service was held in the evening, for Lt.-Colonel Taylor, and Ensign Spencer of the U.S.A., who at one time used to be a Soldier here, and whose brother lives on a farm a few miles east of this city.

On this occasion Sergt.-Major Tulloch spoke of the good life and influence of the Ensign, and of his ready assistance with testimony and song in the Open-Air and inside Meetings. Our sympathy is extended to the bereaved.

Bandmaster Hardy read the Scripture, and spoke about Lt.-Colonel Taylor, saying that although he had only met the Colonel twice he had been forcibly impressed by his godly qualities. Captain and Mrs. King both contributed helpful remarks, speaking of the humble life of our promoted comrade, saying they had both been made better by coming in contact with him. Sister Mrs. Hughes sang, "Life's morn will soon be waning," and the Band played, "Promoted to glory." Prayer for our bereaved comrades will be offered by their Lethbridge friends.—L.T.

An Answer to Prayer

Saskatoon II (Captain and Mrs. Smith). We have been blessed with souls for our hire since the arrival of Captain and Mrs. Smith. Last Saturday's Meeting was instrumental in convicting an intoxicated man of his sin. Two comrades accompanied him to his home, and before they left he had claimed forgiveness of his sins.

At Thursday's Meeting God came wonderfully near, and as the result of a hard-fought Prayer-Meeting a young man and his wife, who had backslidden, came back to God—an answer to prayer on their behalf.

The previous Sunday we welcomed our new Officers, Mrs. Brigadier Gosling being present at the Holiness Meeting. We believe the seed was sown in the crowded Salvation Meeting at night.—H.I.I.

Red Deer (Captain Johnsrude and Lieutenant Battick). The Centenary Call Campaign is going strong here. We rejoiced last week-end when one soul claimed the blessing of Holiness in the morning Meeting.—M.J.M.B.

Kildonan Home

Kildonan Industrial Home (Captain and Mrs. Martin). Last Sunday evening we had a bright, happy time, when Brigadier Park, accompanied by Captain Walker and McBride, led our Meeting. A warm welcome from the inmates, and the satisfying results amply repaid the visitors for their efforts. The singing was cheery and forceful to a degree and fully up to the Home reputation. The duets rendered by the visiting Captains were very helpful. Brigadier Park spoke in a searching manner, and in the Prayer-Meeting we greatly rejoiced when seven girls sought pardon from the Lord.—C.

Musical Wedding at Moose Jaw

Moose Jaw (Ensign and Mrs. Ede). On Wednesday, October 17, Moose Jaw Citadel was the scene of a very delightful gathering, the occasion being the wedding of Deputy Bandmaster Clifford Hill and Sonster O. Fletcher. Our comrades were supported by Bandsman Ree Rowett and Sonster Faith Fletcher, while Sister G. Ferguson presided at the piano. The ceremony, a very pleasing one, was conducted by Ensign Ede, assisted by Adjutant McTavish of India. After the ceremony a banquet was held, when many speeches were made, and good wishes received by the bride and groom.

A few remarks here will be very fitting, remembering the unselfish service of our comrades, who have been attached to this Corps for many years. Deputy-Bandmaster Hill, in addition to his work with the Senior Band, is Y.P. Band-Leader, and is held in great respect by Salvationists and townspeople alike.

Songster Mrs. Hill has always been a zealous worker, and until lately was the Songster Secretary. She is also held in high esteem in Moose Jaw. Our prayers and best wishes go with Deputy Bandmaster and Mrs. Hill as they enter on this new life.—"Rex".

The Publican's Prayer

High River. (Captain Gray and Lieutenant Walker). Last English evening while the Captain was leading our testimonies a woman stood up and said, "God, be merciful to me, a sinner!" Immediately everyone knelt in prayer, and soon we rejoiced over a soul at the Cross. Praise God!

In the Open-Air on Sunday evening the Captain asked the men standing around to come to The Army Hall, and many of our joy, about fifteen of them accepted her invitation. How they sang! The Lieutenant spoke helpfully. We have been glad to welcome Captain Griffiths to the command of the Corps. —E.W.E.G.

A Mellowing Influence

Drumheller (Ensign and Mrs. Rea). The activities last Sunday were much blessed of God. Many hearts were stirred and led to higher things by the Ensign's address in the Holiness Meeting. In accordance with our usual custom the Band played outside the hospital during the afternoon; this little service elicits much appreciation from the Staff. After a big Open-Air Meeting at night, the inside Meeting was opened by the playing of "The Dead March in Saul" by the Band, during which rendition the large crowd stood to attention, in honor of Lt.-Colonel Taylor. Appropriate songs, solos and addresses were given during the evening, and a very mellowing influence was felt.—G.E.T.

Twelve Years a Backslider

Norwood (Captain White and Lieutenant Henderson). Sunday, October 21, we had a visit from Adjutant Haynes and two women Cadets, and their presence helped us exceedingly. In the morning Lieutenant Henderson spoke helpfully, and at night the Captain led a Memorial Service for Lt.-Colonel Taylor. Several comrades spoke of the blessing he had been to them. Later we waged a great battle for souls, and rejoiced when three came back to the fold, one of the seekers having been a backslider for twelve years. This comrade had already left the Hall, but the Spirit spoke so strongly he was forced to return and yield his all.—J.S.

PROMOTED TO GLORY

"Dad" Bone, Saskatoon Citadel



Brother "Dad" Bone, after a lingering illness passed to his Eternal Reward early Sunday morning, October 21st. His last testimony was very definite; truly he was a "Warrior going Home." It was away back in 1882 that "Dad" was converted, thus being a Salvationist for forty-six years. Both Brother and Sister Bone were Soldiers under our present Chief Secretary, Colonel Miller, at Barrie, Ont.

Brigadier Gosling conducted the funeral service on the following Tuesday afternoon. After a very impressive service in the Citadel the cortege moved slowly through the streets headed by the Citadel Band to a point of vantage, where a guard of honour was formed by the Bandsmen, through which the procession proceeded on to Woodlawn Cemetery. The committal service was conducted by the Brigadier, who urged all present to be ready for the Call. Much love and sympathy have been extended to dear Sister Bone at this time, and indeed to all the sorrowing ones, whom we know have found His grace sufficient.

Coinciding with the Memorial Service for our recently-promoted Field Secretary, Lt.-Colonel Bramwell Taylor, a joint service was held on Sunday evening, October 28th, also led by Brigadier Gosling. This proved to be very impressive, and resulted in three seekers for Salvation at the close. This gladdened our hearts, for would

it not be the desire of the departed ones to win others by our commemorating their triumphant entry into the Heavenly City? Amen!—F.

Brother Frank Tilliev, Innisfail

Our ranks have been broken by the recent Promotion to Glory of Brother Frank Tilliev. He was converted during the Campaign conducted in the early part of the year by Adjutant Fox, and since then he has bravely taken his stand for God, and The Army, both outside and in.

The Hall was filled for the Memorial Service, and we felt that it was a real tribute to the high respect and esteem felt for our departed comrade. He was our drummer, and the drum, together with his usual seat, was decorated with his beloved Army Flag. We had a blessed service, and God's presence was really felt. We are praying that through our Brother's life many souls shall be won to God.—McVow.

Mrs. Martin, New Westminster

God has seen fit to promote to her eternal reward our dear comrade, Sister Mrs. Martin, who passed away on October 7, her seventieth birthday. Although confined to her bed for some time previous to her promotion to Glory, our comrade could always give a bright testimony to the saving power of God. Previous to her illness she was a good worker in the Home League.

Many were the glowing tributes paid at the Memorial Service, by various comrades who had been intimate with her during the number of years she had been a Soldier of the Corps. Our prayers are that God will sustain her son, Brother Jim Martin, who, although only able to get about in a wheel-chair, has been a wonderful blessing in this Corps, both in Senior and Y.P. Work, for many years past. May God comfort all who are

Victoria News

Victoria (Adjutant and Mrs. Merrett). Major and Mrs. Bigwood and family passed through Victoria on the "Empress of Asia" en route for Tokyo, the Japanese Headquarters, returning from a far-flung in the Old Country after eight years of service in the country of the Rising Sun. They were delighted to meet Adjutant Merrett and other comrades, the last they would see on this side of the water. Missionary friends now living in Victoria who were their neighbors in Japan were also at the docks to meet them. What a world Army we are.

Adjutant Fullerton, the Victoria Social Officer, arranged that the Sonster Brigade should give a programme at the Colquitz Mental Home on Sunday afternoon. This was much appreciated by the patients and staff, and the singing of the full Brigade, also the vocal solos by Sonster-Secretary Mrs. Shingles and Band-Secretary Cracknell, and a piano solo by Corps Cadet Miss Halsey were enjoyed by all. Adjutant Fullerton was in charge and Sonster-Leader Wood conducted the programme.—A.E.T.

A Men's Social Victory

Winnipeg Social Corps (Brigadier Cummins). We have welcomed Lieutenant Joyce and Candidate Ford into our midst, and feel they will truly help us in winning precious souls. Last Sunday we had the joy of seeing two souls at the feet of Jesus. One was a young lad for whom we have been praying a long time. He has sought Christ before, but has tried to stand firm in his own strength. We believe his experience is demote this time.—C.C.J.

left to realise the loss of a good mother.

The Funeral Service was conducted by Adjutant Fletcher, assisted by Mrs. Ensign Coleman, Captain Morison and Lieutenant Dorin.—W.F.

Corps Secretary Charlie King, Juneau

Corps Secretary Charlie King has been ill for some months, and about a month ago, feeling the end was near, he asked to be sent back to his own home and people at Chukewan; by the kindness of the Officers and comrades this was done.

A few days ago, surrounded by his friends and relatives, he passed to his reward. His wife died about two months ago, while at the cannery at Chukewan. She held the position of Y.P. Lieutenant-Major in this Corps. Both of our dear comrades will be missed by the Officers and Soldiers of the Corps. We ask the prayers of all Salvationists for the parents and children of these promoted warriors.

The Note in the Flap-Pocket

OR HOW SANDIE McDUGALL WAS BROUGHT TO THE FOLD

By Lt.-Col. Ed. H. Joy

CHAPTER II

NOW, you who know Glasgow, also know a long, long road which runs, as well as we can describe it, from the centre of the city westward, with occasional twists and turns. It is a succession of thoroughfares, and bears a tale of names. It has its various stages of city, commercial, industrial, aristocratic and then again, industrial life. Down in the Auld Toon it is busy and squalid; then it opens out into splendid shops and streets, and on past—as our memory serves us—through some professional areas; thence again covering a district redolent of a by-gone aristocracy.

Again it takes one past parks and riverside glades, with famous educational buildings crowning the distant vistas, and, so on, until it reaches a thriving industrial suburb, and once more assumes to itself the name of Main Street.

A Canyon-like Highway

In true Glasgow fashion, gigantic flats tower on either side of the canyon-like highway, and the windows of the week those monstrous walls echo and re-echo with the hum and throb of a hustling, bustling population. Here another Army Hall is situated.

Those who follow the same winding, stretching road on any Saturday night may see at least three, maybe, four groups of Army Open-Air lighters, and would, to our certain knowledge, ride past at least three Army Halls. But let us to our story again, now that we have the scene re-set.

It was winter; the summer had gone, and no longer did The Army people throw their windows wide open—it would, perhaps, have raised a congregational protest had they done so. The hall that we have in mind, however, was really no hall at all. It was a converted shop—store, and undomated, except for a few paper texts on its walls. It was filled nightly with poor, and poorer, folks from the surrounding district; for the Officers of this particular Army were alive to their privileges; visiting from stair to stair, from flat to flat, until they were better known than some of the milkmen or coalmen of the neighbourhood, and certainly better known than any "postie." There were only two individuals better known—the rent man and the insurance agent.

The Enrolment Parade

They had gathered around them a group of warm-hearted, appreciative men and women and children. None of them rich in this world's goods, but full of overflowing with affection for these whose loving and sisterly attention had brought joy to their hitherto dreary lives. Some of these recent gatherings-in were to be enrolled as Salvation Army Soldiers—for not only social joy had come to that neighbourhood, but the joy of knowing Jesus as Saviour. The Major and the Lad-Captain had come along to conduct the Enrolment Parade, and a great time was in progress—a real Army "Go."

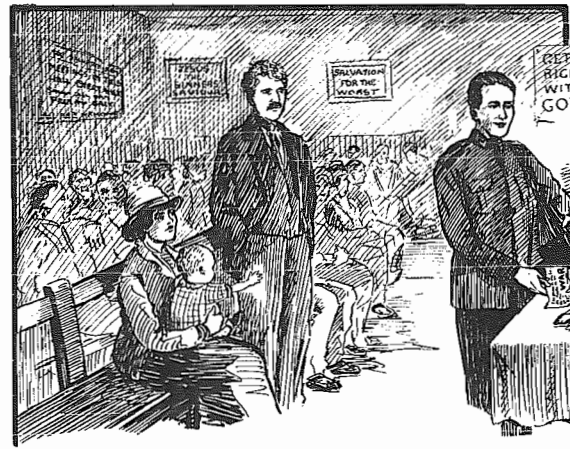
Testimonies and songs were following each other in quick succession, and the Lad-Captain's hard-worked flutina had no small ado to keep up with the list of some of the singing. There were those who gave vent to their joy in God and His Salvation who had been "happy on the way" for many years, and theirs were sober testimonies, but none the less heart-felt. Others in that little company, it was not a spacious place, were no less ready with their desire to speak, but it was a strangely jumbled set of words they used, and if the Captain had recorded them in his note-book for future embellishment, he might almost have been excused.

However, he was too busy to do that much, for it was his duty to keep the singing moving along, and to please the Major—no easy critic—in the doing; it was his specially instructed task to pitch on choruses which would harmonize with the choruses as they came, and not according to a bare-voiced programme. He is, today, not a little grateful to the Major in that he insisted that, even in

a "Free-and-Easy" all the singing should have reference to the spoken word, and so maintain a real spiritual continuity throughout the meeting. But this is an aside which is not of great interest to the "lay-reader."

There was such a vim and go about this particular event, so the Lad-Captain remembers, that it was with difficulty he could call a halt in the proceedings, and it certainly looked as though the Event of the Evening—the Public Enrolment—would be squeezed out. The Captain was obviously concerned, and even the Major began to fidget. At last there was a lull, and the young assistant gave a hint that he was about to sit down, when suddenly the Corps Captain ejaculated, "Oh, Captain, there is one more testimony we really must have!"

She pointed to a jolly-faced couple who were occupying places on the front seat—evidently a man and wife, the latter nursing a bonnie young boy baby. The Lad-Captain had looked their way once or twice, with a vague idea that he ought to know them and half fearful that he would give them some small offence because of his non-recognition.



"Whose writing is it?" said the Lad-Captain.

They were not quite used to The Army, one could see that when it came to a case of "clapping it out," there was a certain wariness about their part of that ritual which disappears as one grows older in Army faith. But they were in it in spirit.

The wife looked somewhat abashed at the Captain's public suggestion, and began to jog the baby rather violently, and the man—he looked just a little reluctant. However, he rose, and began to tell a tale—whirl, of course, you have already guessed—and which thrilled the Lad-Captain more than any other person in the hall.

That Broad Glasgow Dialect

I wish I could tell it in that broad Glasgow dialect, which even in memory is as music in my ears, but it must go down in plain—"plain" is the word—English. He told how one Sunday morning about six months previously he had aroused himself from a heavy torpor-like sleep, and looked around the barely furnished "single apartment" he and his family occupied. He described in vivid language the parchedness of his tongue, and how he begged his wife to go out and get him a drink.

At first she refused; it was not that she did not know where to get a drink, for she was well acquainted with some of the "Shebeens" of the neighbourhood; it was that she knew that once started on his

drinking, her man would not call a halt until midnight—and she was weary of it all. A decided and decided argument ensued, and at length she seized hold of his clothes, and proceeded to "go through his pockets" to see if there was any money left—as though she did not already know.

Savagely and half-hopefully her husband waited, and then with a tug that had in it all the hint of having found a "note," she pulled something out of his flap-pocket. (Mind you, it is the man in the Army Hall who is telling the tale.)

"What's this?" said she.

"What's what?" said he.

"This," said she, holding up a scrap of folded paper—folded billet-doux fashion.

Her Husband's Secrets

Meaning that none of her husband's secrets should be withheld from her, she proceeded to unfold the self-same scrap of paper, and then to read from it.

"And what sort of a fool have you been making of yourself this time?" said she. "Listen to this, ye great scunner! Listen!" I have been to The Army to-night, and I have promised to go again to-morrow. Havers! man! cannot you

of the little Army Hall, where the children's meeting was just being loosed.

Never will the Lad-Captain forget the thrills which were possessing him during the halting telling of this tale, and the unaccustomed Hallelujahs which were bubbling up within him. Did nobody else in the meeting see his excitement?

But Sandie was not recognised at The Army; when the Soldiers came trooping in from the Open-Air Meeting they were glad enough to see him—for they knew him well—but they did not fail over themselves with a greeting as that which he had received from the specially worded note which was again reposing in his flap-pocket. However, he stayed the meeting through, and enjoyed it—that haunting thirst nevertheless. So much did he enjoy it, that when he returned home he insisted that his wife should accompany him to the evening meeting, and it being dark, she was not so reluctant.

The Whole McDougall Family

So it came about that a whole row of the seating in the little Sea-Hall was taken up with the McDougall family, and also, that one of the juvenile members of the same tribe caused almost as much disturbance therein as did his parent in another, and to him, unknown, hall the previous night.

That Sunday night Meeting saw Sandie once more at the Penitent-Form—and saw his wife there, too. He prayed for the forgiveness of his sins as he had never done before, and the Lord, His Shepherd, came and led him by the waters of quietness, and restored his soul. Oh, it was a great night—at least it was in the imagination of the Lad-Captain.

And this was the tale the front-row convert told; he had told it with a wealth of detail which had kept the young Officer enthralled, but which had put the Enrolment Service further into the background, and with a "God

have any decency at all, but you must go into that Army Hall disgracing me and Sandie."

Sandie—there's no need to be longer mysterious—arose and leaned on his elbow, and demanded to look at the offending missive, and there, sure enough, were the words that his wife had read—but not in his writing. What did it mean? It could only mean one thing, so he considered, that he had been into The Army the night before, and made the promise now before his eyes. He looked at it again and again, alternating that procedure with enquiring glances at his wife; was it some trick on her part? No, she could not write like that, and none of the children were old enough yet to do so.

He lay back on his bed, turning the subject over in his mind, and strangely enough, forgetting his former thirst. At length he arose, and demanding that his "troopers" be handed over to him, began to dress. It was past noon, and the very frugal meal on the table was soon finished—not that he ate much.

"Come along," said he, at length, "come along, I'm a man of my word, and I'm going to that Army." Mrs. McDougall utterly and entirely refused to go. Poor soul, she had little enough of clothing fit for a Sabbath day excursion, and so Sandie stumbled down the narrow stair-way, and came to a halt at the door

bless you, my brother," the Major jumped from his seat in order to hurry things along.

"Just a moment, Major; don't be so quick," said the Lad-Captain. "Ask him if he has that note with him now." In his genial and humouring fashion the Major waited, while the testifier fumbled in his pocket, and out of his purse, pulled a much folded note—folded billet-doux fashion—and handed it over very carefully to the Major.

The Writing of that Lad-Captain

"Whose writing is it?" said the Captain, with as much suppression of his real feelings as he could manage.

Now, if you have ever seen the writing of that Lad-Captain, either in those days or these, you would not fail to recognise it. (Of course, you know the story.) The Major looked at it half-indifferently at first; then he looked again—a shade of bewilderment on his face; then he looked at the Lad-Captain, and he said, "Why, boy, it's yours!"

It was then Sandie McDougall's turn to be amazed; we wish we could reproduce, too, some of the tenseness of the rest of the crowd. Something was happening in their midst which was surprisingly dramatic, that much they could understand.

The Enrolment Service must wait now, The Captain must tell his tale. It took the form of a conversation—question and

(Continued on page 12.)

We Are Looking For You

We will search for missing persons in any part of the world, friend and, as far as possible, assist anyone in difficulty. Address ENQUIRY DEPARTMENT, 317-319 Carlton St., Winnipeg, Manitoba, marking "Enquiry". One dollar should be sent with every case where possible, to help defray expenses. In case of reproduction of photograph, three dollars \$3.00 extra.

2270. Ragnarud, Hilmar Karolius Flatakeri age 27, average height, dark hair, blue eyes, mother very old, really looking after father. 2271. Mrs. Emily Fraser, age 74, height about 5 ft., fair hair, grey eyes, fair complexion. Last seen at Valparaiso, Hawaiian Islands to date. 2272. Anton Christian Arups. Was sailing by ship on M.S. "Taronia" from Vancouver, B.C., fair hair, blue eyes. Expected to arrive at Seattle, B.C., in 1927. Even Gunnerus, Johansen, age 36, tall, blonde hair, blue eyes, last known address in February, 1926, Fort Dev. Was married to a woman.

2264. Thomas Martin Andrews, last heard of in November, 1926. Age 27, dark hair, blue eyes. Mother in St. John's, Newfoundland. Any one knowing this man's whereabouts please notify this office.

2064. Lars MacLean, known as Louis MacLean, age 35, dark hair, blue eyes. Last heard of at Edmonton. His family is anxious to hear from him. He is supposed to be a partner in an insurance shop.

2261. Jens Tulver, age 25, last known address, Vancouver. Was chairman there. Father missing.

2251. William Gregory, supposed to be in Prince Rupert, B.C. Height 5 ft. 10 in., medium build, dark complexion. Has been out of sight for some time. Wife missing.

2255. Mrs. Hugh Gray, age 35, 5 ft. 10 in., dark hair, brown eyes. Went to live in Canada with husband. Last known address, McLean, British Columbia, B.C. Seen in England, unknown for information.

2256. Clifford Thomas, age 25, 5 ft. 10 in., dark hair, blue eyes, last seen in 1926. Was a soldier in England. Is said to be playing the piano and is thought he may be playing in other theatres. Mother in St. John's, Newfoundland.

2257. Harry W. Leveson, age 35, 5 ft. 10 in., medium hair. Father in England, unknown for some time.

2258. Thomas Lindila, age 35, married, average height, brown hair, blue eyes. Last heard of at Seattle, B.C. Height 5 ft. 10 in. Wife missing.

2259. Robert Gately Sim, age 35, height 5 ft. 10 in., very dark complexion and hair. South. 2263. Earl Sjurson Rondenvelt, age 37. Last known address, Myrtle Beach, B.C. Father unknown to date.

2262. Martin Johannes Breivik, age 39, average height, dark hair, blue eyes. Was a seaman on board of fishing boat. Last heard from at Vancouver. Was very anxious and wants him to write and perhaps if possible.

2262. Ivan Pault, age 25, 5 ft. 10 in., light complexion, blue eyes, fair complexion. Last known address, Margold, Sask. Mother anxious to hear.

2245. Abel Kroghrud, age 39, tall, fair, blue eyes, worked on farm, last heard from at Lunenburg, N.S. Father is anxious to hear.

2246. Peter John Smith, age 37, height 5 ft. 10 in., fair hair, blue eyes, last seen in 1926. Was a seaman on board of fishing boat. Last heard from at Vancouver. Was very anxious and wants him to write and perhaps if possible.

"Tie My Bootlace, Captain"

Going down the street one day I writes a Corps Officer. I heard a voice say, "Tie my bootlace, Captain." It was a little street arab who spoke. I looked at him—he seemed too thin, pale, ill-clad, and ill-nourished. His left arm was bent and stump—he had been born a cripple. With his right hand he was vainly trying to tie the lace, which had become knotted. As I knelt by him in the street and tied the lace I vowed in my heart that I would ever be a friend to helpless children. God had sent me a vision of need. Ever since that day the little ones have had my love and service. That little cripple made me pledge myself to serve God more closely and to do all I could for the homeless and helpless.

British "Cry."

Immigration and Colonization Department

Are You Going Home For Christmas or The New Year?

Book early—let us arrange your trip. Passports secured. Passengers met. Agents for all steamship lines.

Enquire now: The Secretary 241 Balmoral St., Winnipeg, Man or 75-7th Ave., E. Vancouver, B.C.

Christians Awake!

Salute the happy morn! Here's the Christmas "Cry" again! It scarcely seems possible that a whole year has passed since we were last planning and scheming and preaching—and selling the Xmas Number; but so it is, and a lot of joys and blessings have been ours since then.

We feel sure that this year's Special Issue will not be the least bit behind its predecessors, good as many of them have been, and we announce most confidently that it will be a ready seller. The printers are hot on the press with it, and as soon as orders come to hand they will be completed and dispatched.

The pictorial scheme is delightful. The frontispiece is an exquisite picture of "The Boy Christ" in a lovely Canadian setting. Other items in the colour plates are: "A sinner like me," a typical Army Open-Air scene; "Subject unto them"; a two-page plate of Jesus in His home at Nazareth, etc., etc.

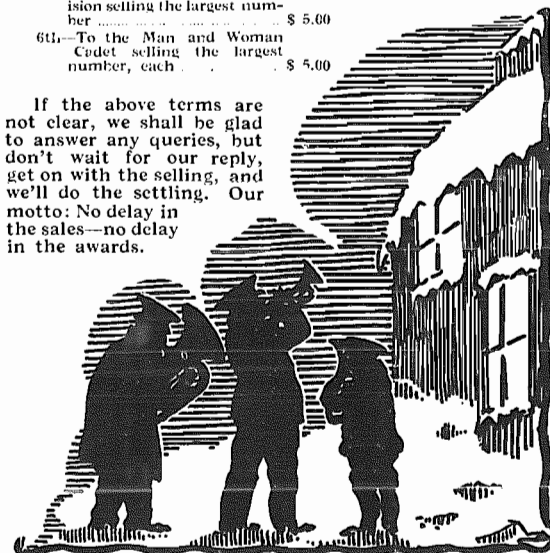
There are special articles by The General and Mrs. Booth; the Commissioner; the Chief Secretary. Stories of a really thrilling nature—Army and otherwise. Songs and Poems. A spirited and delightful number. Price 10c.

The circulation of the Christmas "War Cry" has, for a number of years past, been a most gratifying success, and we are aiming at topping all records for this year. There is no reason it should not be so; good crops and good sales constitute ready and willing customers.

The Commissioner has agreed that the following scheme of competitive sales should be followed, and we feel sure this will be a splendid incentive to all Officers and Soldiers who have their wits about them.

- 1st—To the Divisional Commander making the largest percentage of increase over last year's standard ..\$25.00
- 2nd—To the Corps Officer selling the largest number in the Territory ..\$25.00
- 3rd—To the Corps Officer who leads the Territory in making the largest percentage of increase over the standard number ..\$20.00
- 4th—To the Officer in each Division making the largest percentage of increase over the standard number ..\$10.00
- 5th—To the Soldier in each Division setting the largest number ..\$ 5.00
- 6th—To the Man and Woman Cadet selling the largest number, each ..\$ 5.00

If the above terms are not clear, we shall be glad to answer any queries, but don't wait for our reply, get on with the selling, and we'll do the settling. Our motto: No delay in the sales—no delay in the awards.



Salvation Songs

Tune: "The Cross now Covers my Sins."

I am thinking of Jesus my Saviour,
His grace so unmeasured and true,
To one so unworthy His favour
Calls forth from my spirit a song
Chorus:
I'll keep well in mind how He bought me,
I'll keep well in mind how He sought me,
When tempted to leave or to grieve Him,
I'll think of His dying for me.

With the years that have passed since I found me,
My memory is busy today;
I see how with mercy He's crowned me,
And cheered with His presence my way.

It is true that with joy I still serve Him,
And true that my heart He retains;
The love that He kindled is burning,
Within my cleansed soul where He reigns—
Lt.-Col. R. Slater.

Tune: "Glorious, Glorious, Jesus Saves me." H.B. 287.

Fears distressing, sins confessing,
At the Cross I knelt and pray,
While I'm weeping I'm entreating,
Wash, oh, wash my sins away.
Chorus:
'Tis a place of glorious meeting
At the Saviour's mercy-seat;
Place of pardon for the sinner,
Place where we the Lord may greet.

Light neglected, calls rejected,
Now would hide me from His face,
But for reason, Calvary's season
Brought transgressor's pard'ning grace.

Deep contrition find's admission
To the Lamb for sinners slain;
Earth is heaven, when 'tis given
Is the past of sin and shame.

Merely pleading, interceding,
Blotting out the sins of years;
Love so wondrous, peace so glorious,
Steeps to kiss away my tears.
— Commr. E. C. Booth.

Tune: "He Loves Every Body"

Boundless is the Love of God to men,
Deeper than the very deepest sea,
Higher than the utmost heights above,
Deeper, higher is my Saviour's Love.

Tune: "Over the Line"

Choose Him today as your Saviour and Friend,
Cease all your trying to alter or mend,
Choose Him today, ere your chance shall end,
Choose Him as your Friend and Saviour.

The Note in the Flap-Pocket

(Continued from page 11)

answer—between the Major and him—"Do you remember that Saturday morn down at Number —?" "Do you remember that drunken man who went to sleep at the Penitent-Form?" "Do you remember this? Do you remember that?"

And all the while Sandie McDuff stood there—he was too excited to listen to the story of how he had beguiled into the Kingdom—train back, so to speak, to the Fold of Shepherd. It was a great time in old Hall that night. The Enrolment take place, but with one of those impulses for which that particular McDuff was famous, he allowed the Lad-Captain to conduct the dual-enrolment of Sandie and his wife.

The Captain begged that Sandie give him that note, but Sandie hung to it, and for all the Lad-Captain he hangs on to it yet. He was in the Church when last that Captain went, that so were his children, and so was his grand-son.

Now, what do you say to that final Salvation Army yarn?